

# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Record and Review

VOL. VIII. NO. 2. *"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing.... but the thread that binds them is mine own."* —Montaigne OCT., 1891

Short Stories for October gives, as the famous story of the month, that queer conceit of Chamisso's, entitled Peter Schlemihl—The Man Without a Shadow, one of the most celebrated of the old-time German romances. Special translations from the Italian, Greek, Spanish, French, and Russian, with choice English and American material, present a fascinating variety to the interested student of fiction. The attention of readers is directed to the special subscription offers announced in the front advertising pages. Current Literature and Short Stories to one or different addresses \$5.00.

**The American Short Story....Brander Matthews....The Cosmopolitan**

When the Incorporated Society of Authors gave a dinner three years ago to the American men of letters then in London, Mr. James Bryce presided with dignity and grace. The chief topic of his opening speech was American literature; and the American guests were pleasantly surprised to hear him declare that there were two lines of literature in which the United States was ahead of Great Britain. One of these was that of political science and economics, and the other was that of the short story. He declared that there was in recent American literature "a feature of special and peculiar interest to us in England which it is hardly possible for us in this little country of ours to introduce and to emulate—I mean the power which recent American writers of fiction have shown of bringing out the latent varieties and the distinctive flavors of the life and character of the different parts of the great American continent. Nothing is more remarkable within the last twenty years than the way in which the life of the different States and sections of the Union has found itself portrayed and brought home to us by some writer of

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fiction. We had the old life of New England in Hawthorne forty or fifty years ago. We have to-day the life of creole New Orleans in the charming novels of George W. Cable. We have the primitive roughness and kindly good-nature of the Hoosiers of Indiana in the tales of Edward Eggleston. We have the childlike simplicity of the negro apologue in the Uncle Remus of Mr. Harris. We have the life of the mining camps of California in the stories and poems of Mr. Bret Harte; and we have the picturesque richness of the life on the Mississippi, the strange, wild habits, and the curious contrast of rude deeds and tender hearts in the stories and sketches of Mark Twain and in the Pike County Ballads of Colonel Hay. It is no small service to English literature which these American writers have rendered, and I think we must feel that they have laid us under a double obligation—they have increased the pleasure which we feel in literature itself in seeing it made the interpreter of social life and history, and they have enabled us to know the people of the United States in their habits and characters and homes as we could have known them in no other way." I have indulged in this long quotation partly because we Americans are glad to cherish any words about ourselves from so kindly and so competent a critic as Mr. Bryce, and partly because Mr. Bryce here pointed out the distinctive merit of that department of literature in which we Americans have been most abundantly and triumphantly successful—the department of the short story. There are no names in all our brief literature-history which blaze more brightly than Poe's and Hawthorne's; and Poe and Hawthorne were masters of the short story above all else. The short story is like the lyric—it is a little thing; but only the foolish confuse bigness in bulk with genuine greatness. As Hawthorne told us, there is "no fountain so small but that heaven may be imaged in its bosom"; so the short story can body forth that impression of life which, after all, is all that literature can give us. And it can do this quite as directly as the longer novel, and sometimes quite as forcibly. There is no detective story of Wilkie Collins or Gaboriau, whatever its length, equal in interest to Poe's Gold Bug; and many a three-volume novel fails to give as sharp an outline of London society or of the American girl abroad as is focussed into the vignettes which Mr. James called *An International Episode*, and *Daisy Miller*.

The short story is also the department of literature in which we Americans have been most prolific. In the spring of 1891 there were published in New York and Boston, within the space of three calendar months, not less than thirteen volumes of collected short stories by American authors—one a week; and the most of these collections attained to a surprisingly high level of merit. Some of them were a little self-conscious, no doubt; and some of the authors took themselves a little too seriously, it is true; but there was reason for pride if one considers the books altogether. One of the keenest critics of American life recently remarked that "just now American fiction had most elaborate machinery—and no boiler." The half of this epigram which is true does not apply to the half of our fiction which includes the short story.

**Diffusion of Books....What Constitutes Publication....Boston Transcript**

The critics recently treated Olive Schreiner's *Dreams* as if it were a new book, and some of them spoke of it as having been written subsequently to *The Story of an African Farm*. Possibly her *Three Dreams in a Desert* have been expanded, but these "dreams" preceded the *African Farm* and have been on sale in a cheap form by a Boston anarchistic publication bureau for at least four years past. They were first published, like the *African Farm*, as the work of Ralph Iron, and at once attracted the attention of students of sociological and philosophic questions. It is a curious fact that the printing and issuing of a book in due form, and even a considerable advertising of it, does not amount to a "publication" in the full sense of the word. Very important works, which in the course of time are sure to be taken up and have a marked influence, are announced, printed, and put within reach of all men; but they go completely over the heads of the general public, and are not seen on the counters of the bookstands nor reviewed in the columns of the newspapers. In order that they should become known to the public, they must pass through the "regular channels." The large publishing house, the bookseller, and the literary editor, taken together, are to a book very much what the Speaker of the House and an important committee of that body are to a legislative proposition. Unless they agree that it shall appear, it is as if it had never been born. Olive Schreiner's *Three Dreams in a Desert* is an example of this fact, just as Henry George's first

work on the land question was, in its time. Mr. George's book was printed in San Francisco first of all, but not a soul in America outside a certain limited circle knew anything about it until it had begun to attract attention in England; and then American publishers took it up. Once in the "regular channels," everybody read it and talked about it. One American prophet, who is without honor in his own country, but is well known abroad—Mr. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, political economist and sociologist—has so completely recognized this fact that he has had all his books published in England, and until lately, the writer believes, has published nothing in the United States. This state of things was really one of the results of the absence of an international copyright. Under the old system our publishers were so much accustomed to borrowing from abroad that nothing American could be said to appear on its own merits. The opponents of international copyright seemed to have a notion that the adoption of such a measure would in some unexplained way subordinate us to foreign countries; whereas, as a matter of fact, it becomes our literary declaration of independence. The statement of this fact reminds the writer of an interesting speculation of a friend of his, an author, who has found amusement in imagining himself transported into the middle of the twenty-first century, *à la* Julian West and the rest of them, and attempting to converse with a bookish circle of that epoch about the authors and thinkers of the latter half of the nineteenth century. He finds that they know nothing at all about his Bellamys and his Georges, his Gladstones and Newmans, his Says and his Mommsens, and that he knows as little about the nineteenth-century authors that they exalt above all others. These men and women, whose thoughts moulded the generations that came after them, had escaped his notice altogether when he lived among them. Possibly he ate at the same restaurant with the greatest of them all, and never knew he wrote anything. Perhaps the undiscovered great man was a printer, and "set up" his share of the others' long-since forgotten articles at the case; and all the time was laboring away upon and even publishing in some obscure periodical a work which, in the twentieth century, was to become the monument of the wisdom of the nineteenth. This is an imaginative picture, but really, are we to suppose that the nineteenth century is different from all the rest in being

able infallibly to tell which are its geniuses and which are its cranks? We have seen that the printing press is only one element in the matter of publicity. A man may print and print, and his printed page remain as obscure and unknown to the public as a monkish manuscript of the middle ages.

**The Oppression of Notes....Agnes Repplier....Atlantic Monthly**

Agnes Repplier, in a recent *Atlantic*, has a most sensible little essay on The Oppression of Notes—marginal notes—and the hardships to little people especially, in this age of pitiless enlightenment, “when even a book framed for their especial joy, like *The Children’s Treasury of Song*, bristles with marginal notes. Here Rosamond would have found an explanation of no less than forty-eight words in the Elegy, and would probably have understood it a great deal better, and loved it a great deal less. It is healthy and natural for a child to be forcibly attracted by what she does not wholly comprehend; the music of words appeals very sweetly to childish ears, and their meaning comes later—comes often after the first keen unconscious pleasure is past. I once knew a tiny boy who so delighted in Byron’s description of the dying gladiator that he made me read it to him over and over and over again. He did not know—and I never told him—what a gladiator was. He did not know that it was a statue, and not a real man, described. He had not the faintest notion of what was meant by the Danube, or the ‘Dacian mother,’ or ‘a Roman holiday.’ Historically and geographically, the boy’s mind was a happy blank. There was nothing intelligent or sagacious in his enjoyment; only a blissful stirring of the heartstrings by reason of strong words and swinging verse, and his own tangle of groping thoughts. But what child who reads Cowper’s pretty remonstrance to his spaniel, and the spaniel’s neat reply, wants to be told in a succession of dismal notes that ‘allures’ means ‘tempts,’ that ‘remedy’ means ‘cure,’ that ‘killing time’ means ‘wasting time,’ that ‘destined’ means ‘meant for,’ and that ‘behest’ means ‘command’? Cowper is one of the simplest of writers, and the little boys and girls who cannot be trusted unarmed in his company had better confine their reading to *Robinson Crusoe* in *Words of One Syllable* or to the veracious pages of *Mother Goose*. But perhaps the day is not far distant when even *Mother Goose* will afford food for instruction and a fresh

industry for authors, and when the hapless children of the dawning century will be confronted with a dozen highly abbreviated and unintelligible notes referring them to some Icelandic Saga or remote Indian epic for the origin and bloody history of the Three Blind Mice."

**What Can We Do for the Critics?....The London Speaker**

The authors are going to have a nice little club in Piccadilly all to themselves. I have heard that critics are to be eligible for it; but, if this is so, I do not think that many critics will dare to avail themselves of the opportunity. Where there are clubs there are dining-rooms, and where there are dining-rooms there are table-knives. Critics cannot be expected to run needless risks. Even if there were no danger, there would be unpleasantness. It would be trying for a poor little critic to enter the smoking-room, and to see six authors, with an archdeacon at their head, walk out in disgust and dignity. Besides, critics are not so well paid as authors; they cannot afford to dress so well; they would probably steal the authors' hats. But something ought to be done for the critics. They suffer much. First, their nerves suffer. They have to read horrible stories about murders, and ghosts, and mesmerism. This is ruin to the nerves of critics. They go skipping lightly through the first volume, fall into something awful, and are brought home on shudders. Nobody cares. Then, again, their opinions suffer; they have their dearest convictions assaulted by agnostic novels; Robert Elsmere knocks their creed into space, and Miss Edna Lyall catches it as it drops. Lastly, their hearts suffer from lacerations. The heroine, in her simple dress of some soft, white, clinging material, makes, perhaps, her innocent little mistake. We all know what that mistake is. She sees through the foliage in the dimly lighted conservatory the hero (it is not really the hero) kissing (if it *is* the hero, he is not really kissing, but removing a fly from the eye) her black-haired rival. (If it *is* the hero, and he *is* kissing, then it is not the rival but his own sister.) She goes to her room, and flings herself on her bed, and at last finds the relief of tears. All this tells on the critics. They want to soothe her and comfort her; or to wring her neck; or to do something to stop her. All this suffering is inseparable from the critic's regular work. It is obvious that it

is not exactly a club which the critics require. It seems to be rather a hospital or perhaps an asylum. It must be some place where they will be treated kindly, and where each critic can be kept apart from the rest. If they are kept together, they will fight. I have examined certain articles on criticism by critics, and I find that in all of them the writer seems to be trying to say two things especially: 1. My criticism and French criticism is good. 2. The other is bad. Now, it is clear that critics who disapprove of one another to this extent cannot safely be kept together. That is the advantage of the asylum. Each could have a separate cell—a padded cell. The authors might provide the padding out of their books, perhaps. But, on the other hand, there is the question of expense to be considered. Critics, as has been already pointed out, are not rich men. If the authors provided the padding, they might think that they had done enough; they are frequently inclined to think this. A cemetery would be kept up at much less cost than an asylum. There would only be the initial expense for the ground, and possibly some kind novelist would provide a little plot. It could be planted with wheat and tares, wild oats, and other serials. The inscriptions would cost very little, because English criticism is so shockingly anonymous; and the tombstones would naturally take the form of a broken column. There is much to be said for the project, but it is to be feared that the authors would bring it into contempt. They would call the critic's cemetery the "Saintsburying Ground," and that would never do. It is really very difficult to say what we can do for the critics. It is a question which has not been debated sufficiently. People more often ask *how* they can do for the critics. During the dull season perhaps we may be able to get up some correspondence on the subject.

**A Study of Lyric Poetry....Hamilton W. Mabie....Christian Union**

In his preface to *The Golden Treasury*, Professor Palgrave, while disavowing any attempt to formulate a strict and exhaustive definition of lyrical poetry, declares that the term lyrical implies that each poem shall turn upon some single thought, feeling, or situation. This definition—for, in effect, it is a definition—brings out one characteristic of lyrical verse—its concentration. The epic has the breadth and volume of a river; the drama has the scope and variety

of the sea, which touches all shores and is swept by all winds; the lyric is like a mountain pool, which may be tossed into foam, but remains a pool, although sometimes of fathomless depth—a pool into which a star often shines with magical lustre, over which the shadow of a cloud or the flight of a bird moves, in which a moving world of images is reflected. But the lyric has other and more distinctive qualities than this of narrow scope and definite concentration of feeling and thought. Indeed, so vast is the range of the lyric that no definition seems adequate to express all that it contains. The lyre is the universal instrument; the instrument which yields its secrets of tone to but a few, but which the many master so far as to draw from it a music interpretative of simple experiences. The most familiar and perhaps the best-loved poetry is lyrical—the poetry of universal experience, of common hopes and sorrows and joys, the poetry of pure song. The extent and variety of forms used by the lyrical poets will be brought out by recalling the fact that the odes which, like those of Tyrtæus and the national hymns, have stirred whole peoples, or, like those of Gray and Wordsworth, have expressed the most intense or the most profound emotions; the hymns of faith and prayer; the songs of love poured out by troubadours, trouvères, minnesänger, and by later poets of every race and degree; the songs of nature, like the old Saxon Cuckoo-Song, sweet with the breath of ancient meadows and forgotten springs, or like Shakespeare's Hark, Hark, the Lark, Shelley's Cloud, Wordsworth's Cuckoo and Daffodil, Keats' Autumn, Browning's The Year's at the Spring; the great elegies like Lycidas and Thysris; the sonnet, which is sometimes purely reflective or didactic, but is oftener purely lyrical, like the sonnets of Shakespeare and of Milton, like Wordsworth's It is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free, Mrs. Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese, and Rossetti's sonnet-sequence The House of Life; the French forms so frequently reproduced of late years by the writers of lighter English verse—the triplet, the ballade, the villanelle, the rondeau, the rondel; the lyrical ballad, which is distinguished from the folk-ballad and the legendary or historical ballad by the personal note which runs through it; the *vers de société*, or poetry of the drawing-room, which in the hands of men like Praed, Thackeray, Locker, and Dobson discovers a quality of imag-

ination, feeling, and beauty entirely consistent with lightness of touch and gayety of mood—all these forms of verse (and they include the greater part of the poetry of the world) belong to lyrical poetry. Of this great mass of poetry included under the word lyrical, concentration of idea and feeling is a leading characteristic; the lyric, as a rule, falls under Professor Palgrave's definition, and deals with a single thought, feeling, or situation. Its chief characteristic, however, is the personal note that runs through and, as a rule, dominates it. The individuality of the poet is stamped upon it. Shakespeare stands apart from his dramas, but pours himself into the sonnets. The epic is, broadly speaking, objective, and deals with external events and happenings; the lyric is, broadly speaking, subjective, and deals with individual hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, loves, hates, faiths, and aspirations. The epic is national, racial; the lyric is personal. Homer records the story of a great historical or legendary movement; Sappho and Alcaeus sing of their own experiences, of the beauty of the world, of life and death as personal facts. Milton recounted the sublime story of the Fall and Redemption; Burns touched the mountain daisy with the pathos of his own life. Hegel brings out strikingly the contrast between the epic and the lyric when he says that Homer is so completely outside the works which bear his name that, although his heroes are immortal, his own existence is doubtful; while Pindar, on the other hand, is an immortal figure, although his heroes have become shadows of names. The lyrical poet opens his heart to us so completely that he becomes the central figure of his poem, whatever be its incidents or characters. Lyrical poetry concerns itself with the inner life, in broad contrast with the epic, which concerns itself with external life; concerns itself with a single emotion, feeling, thought, incident, or experience, in broad contrast with the drama, which is based on action and includes a wide range and variety of person and incident. The form of the lyric, moreover, differs essentially from that of the drama and the epic in that it was originally sung to the accompaniment of the lyre; and it is still in its essence and spirit a song. The musical quality belongs peculiarly to it; the singing note vibrates through it. A true lyric, simple, subjective, impassioned, has an interior music, a cadence and flow, which carry it to the heart and lodge it in the memory.

The songs which suddenly break as by a spontaneous impulse from great throngs under the spell of patriotic feeling, the hymns that rise like the breath of prayer, the verses that children repeat, the poems that come unbidden to the lips in moments of deep feeling, in solitude, in exaltation, are lyrics. To the lyric the heart of humanity is committed, and in the lyric all feelings and thoughts that are born of the inner life are revealed and expressed. In the drama and the epic, lyrical passages are not wanting; for whenever the poet is swept by his emotion into his song the note instantly becomes lyrical. The past belongs largely to the epic, which preserves and transmits it; but the future belongs to the lyric, for prophecy is always lyrical. The epic has the massiveness and dignity of sculpture; the lyric has the variety, the spontaneity, the penetrating quality of music. The lyrical poet sings out of his own experience, but that experience is part of universal experience, and so his personal song becomes typical and of universal significance. "He is the true lyric poet," says Ulrici, "who portrays not merely his own personal subjectivity, but that of the human mind generally, of which his own is but a particular manifestation."

**Fin de Siecle Fiction....French Novelist of the Future....N. Y. Commercial**

An interesting discussion is now going on in the literary world of Paris as to what the novel of the future will be like. It was started by Alexandre Dumas in a preface which he has written to a romance just published from the pen of M. Marcel Prevost, a young author who believes he has taken a new departure destined to create a revolution in literature, and whose belief is shared by the author of the *Dame aux Camélias*. M. Dumas says he is delighted to have found "in the midst of the literary licentiousness in which we are now living" a romancer who has the courage to rise against the degrading tendency of the romantic literature of the day. He hails with joy "the great literary reaction which will shortly take place against the glorification of evil." Without stopping to inquire how far M. Dumas himself is responsible for the state of affairs which he now deplores, there can be no doubt that most people will be glad to escape from the hospital, the hulks, and other disagreeable or immoral places into which, under the pretext of showing them what life really is, the Naturalists have led them. But all this is about

to be changed. M. Dumas already sees the dawn of purity breaking in the distance; the psychological moment, he assures us, is approaching when authors will no longer descend into the gutter, but take their subjects from higher and nobler scenes of daily existence; conscience will once more assert its sway, and mind will cease to be subservient to matter. It is to the rising generation that he looks for the accomplishment of this wholesome reform, or, as he calls it, this *salutaire poussée dans le spiritualisme*. M. Marcel Prevost styles his new departure *le roman romanesque*. According to him the word romantic in these days conveys no absolute meaning. Unscrupulous authors, he says, have made use of it to cover a multitude of fallacious productions. Hence the necessity of a new designation. Unfortunately for the young writer, his so-called innovation is disputed by most of his contemporaries, who declare they have been romantic ever since they came into the world. Certainly one cannot accuse M. Daudet with choosing heroes from ignoble classes, or M. Ohnet with making an abuse of psychology, and they are entitled to protest. M. Daudet says: "M. Prevost tells us that a literary revolution is taking place in favor of the romantic novel, which has been long deserted. It results, therefore, that there is nothing new in it, and that it is merely a return to the old paths. But it strikes me that the said old paths are not quite so deserted as he imagines. Without speaking of Octave Feuillet, who died only recently, there are other novelists who write works similar to the romantic class which M. Prevost professes to revive. Take, for instance, Albert Delpit, Georges Ohnet, Rahnsson, or Tinseau. Are they not pure romancists? So you see that the romance called romantic still exists, and we require nobody to create or rather re-establish it. The fact is, when a good novel appears, it will be read by the public, no matter what label you put on it. There is no such thing as a school, or, rather, there ought not to be; there are only works, good or bad. Let every writer write according to his temperament, without troubling himself about what style he should adopt. Finally, there are different categories of readers who follow their own taste and buy the works which agree with it." M. Georges Ohnet is equally emphatic. "Le roman romanesque?" he exclaims. "Well, that is a good joke. M. Prevost has, indeed, made a wonderful discovery. He reminds me of the

man who wanted to place a statue on the Colonne Vendôme in spite of the statue of Napoleon which happens to be there. Romantic novels were invented a century ago. Besides, the title is a pleonasm. Are not all romances romantic? Does not a spirit of romanticism run through all the works of even Zola, the chief of the Naturalist school? To talk of the novel of the future is nonsense; it will be more or less like the novel of to-day. I recognize only two sorts of writers—the optimists and the pessimists: the former see everything in white and the latter everything in black. In both schools it is wrong to go to extremes. If it be true that there are rascals on earth, it is also true that there are honest people. Life has its bright as well as its dark side. The writer who shows only one side commits an error." Another novelist, whose opinion on the question is worth noting, is M. Edmund de Goncourt. He says: "M. Prevost thinks and hopes that the romance of the future will be romantic. *Allons donc!* We shall not go back to olden times. During twenty years we have fought against the romantic in the novel, and we firmly believe we have killed it. The romantic? What is there in it to interest us in these days? Can we take any interest in reading things which from the very first word we feel never existed? What we seek to-day is fact. We want to be convinced to-day of the truth and sincerity of what we are reading. The romantic novel has no longer any *raison d'être*. The romance of the future may not be the same as that of to-day; it may undergo a change, but the change will be, not in the romantic sense but in the realistic and documentary direction. Psychology will assist in the literary evolution. A school of literature lasts only half a century, and is then replaced by another. We must give up physiology, of which too much has been made, and make more room for psychology. We must dissect the brain of a man as a surgeon dissects a body. It is there that the future of the novel is to be found. Above all, we must study and labor. My Germinie Lacerteux was an old servant whom I had for twenty years in my service, and Renée Mauperin was a girl whom I saw come into the world; I studied both for years before I made them my heroines. The great fault of the moment is the quantity of work produced. Every author feels bound to write at least one a year. Now, what can be honestly done in a twelvemonth? Little indeed, particularly in the case of

a documentary novel. It is this excess of production that is fatal to real and conscientious work, and which will be the great literary stumbling block of the future." To conclude with a few remarks made by M. de Bonnières. Like Alphonse Daudet, he thinks that the novelty of the *roman romanesque* is already rather old. As regards the Naturalist school, he says the public is growing tired of it; it has attained the highest point of perfection to which it was destined, and will now gradually decline and finally die out. That the public desires something else is probable; but what, it is difficult to guess. He is inclined to believe that the newspapers with their *feuilletons* will end in replacing the novel. "In reference to school," he said, "I, myself, do not recognize any. Talent is everything. An author need not trouble himself about his grammar; let him have original ideas and a certain style, and the rest is of no consequence."

**Unheeded Music....Pathos of Rejected Manuscripts....London Globe**

It is strange and somewhat sad to turn over the pages of old periodicals, be they newspapers or magazines, reviews or annual registers, and to see how many little lyrics are sprinkled here and there, evidently the result of much thought and often neatly turned, and yet in this year of grace utterly and completely forgotten. For all that the world cares now, they might as well never have been written. The poems are dead, the hopes of fame with which they were composed are dead, the writers themselves are dead, having sung their song in vain and passed away like the song into eternal stillness. And, even now, who shall say how many puny followers of the Muses are earnestly striving to put forth giant's work? From the days of Homer to the days of the last minstrel it has been and will be the case that thousands—month by month and year by year—stand and offer their modest literary wares to those that pass by, and none will stop to look or listen or approve, until the poor sellers who can sell nothing discover that they are offering that which is not required or appreciated, and with heavy hearts abandon their high ideals and take to prosaic but useful vocations. It is a wretched thing that men should be so rudely buffeted by Fortune when they strive after the bright and noble, and it is a difficult lesson to learn the measure of one's own intelligence and creative power. But the lesson has to be learned

and the buffets have to be received; and when they have been received and the sufferer returns home sad and humbled, then it is that he finds in his own family that kindness and praise which the world denies him, and realizes, perhaps, for the first time that, although he has lost the glittering diamond of fame, he has all the while possessed the pearl of true love. So the poor little poems are beautifully copied out by his wife or sister and wrapped up in clean paper, and put away carefully in a drawer, to be kept until some grandson or more remote heir comes across them among a bundle of old yellow papers, and tosses them into the fire or preserves them as curiosities, according to his mood. If an examination of the homes of England were to be made with a view to discovering these little bundles of rejected songs, they would be brought to light, not by the thousand only, but by the million. There is hardly an educated man, woman, or child who has not attempted to write poetry at one time or another, and who has not produced something which, in the writer's opinion, deserves to live at least for a little while in the minds of men. Not all try to publish their poems; some are content with circulating them among their friends. Perhaps the death of some beloved member of a family has occurred, and a brother or a sister tries to express the common grief in some little elegy at which the outer world would only scoff. Or there is a rejoicing, it may be, on the occasion of a marriage or a silver-wedding. Then he who is most warmed by the celestial fire will pour forth such music as is in his soul, and celebrate the event in a well-meant ode. Look in the collection of your own and your relatives' poems in that private drawer; you will find specimens of both. There, too, are your love-poems; there are your highest and purest aspirations placed into metre; and the epigram which nobody would publish; and that other epigram you wrote in your bitterness on finding that nobody would publish it. A strange collection, but not unique. Look down the street or across the countryside; all your neighbors who are worth their salt have got similar little bundles which they take out and read at times, as you are doing now, with a kind of chastened, quiet joy. They may deny it, but the bundles are stowed away in some cranny or other of their houses. But many have money enough, or scrape together money enough, to publish their poems, often with a preface to say

that they were composed in hours of sickness, or to beguile periods of enforced idleness, or hastily written during the intervals of a busy life, on all of which the unfeeling world makes only this comment: "Give us good music; or, if your want of leisure or health prevents you producing such, keep your music to yourself." But the professional critics, on the whole, are a kindly race, and wrap up their strictures in words of encouragement, well knowing that a little praise here and there will produce no effect except to comfort the heart of the anxious poet. And at last the publisher's bill is paid and the book forgotten by all save the poor poet's family, who remind him from time to time of the more favorable criticisms that have been passed on it—as if he did not know them by heart—until in the end even they cease to talk of the book, and only the poet himself thinks of it, not without a certain sense of shame. Yet there is good in this endless, hopeless striving after ideals, even though the ideals are seldom attained. It is good to strive, even though a man fail utterly, and in this particular instance those who strive to sing become at last the best and most appreciative listeners. They know enough to recognize the achievements of genius when they meet it; they know the difficulties that have been overcome in producing those bursts and rushes of apparently spontaneous song: and so they can admire it the more. After all, the part of listener is in many ways very pleasant. What says the American poet? Learn, he exclaims, from the heavens and the ocean:

" Make thyself rich, and then the Muse  
Shall court thy precious interviews;  
Shall take thy head upon her knee  
And such enchantment lilt to thee  
That thou shalt hear the life-blood flow  
From farthest stars to grass-blades low,  
And find the listener's science still  
Transcends the singer's deepest skill."

## GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

An English correspondent, gossiping about Swinburne, says: "Swinburne left Oxford without a degree, in order to visit Florence, on a sort of pilgrimage to Landor, for whom he had an enthusiastic admiration. He never loses an opportunity to proclaim that Victor Hugo is the greatest poet of modern times. Yet he also worships Browning with intense fervor. Years ago he excited the laughter of all England by bringing a footstool to a public banquet in honor of the latter deity, solemnly placing it at his feet and sitting thereon. One of the most famous of Swinburne's escapades occurred after a dinner at the London Arts Club, when the poet expressed his disapproval of his fellow-members by making a Berserker attack on their hats, scattering them on the floor and dancing a frantic rigadoon upon them. An admirable burlesque on the affair appeared in one of the comic papers. It was cast in the form of a parody of Swinburne's own imitations of the Greek manner in drama. The members of the club formed the *dramatis persona*. The 'bobbies' who had been called in to quell the poet's rage were the chorus. Strophe and antistrophe followed in proper sequence. As the hats were tossed about and battered out of shape, the members stood around and wailed their despair—

As forests with tempests that wrestle,  
From the hat-racks our hats are torn down;

whereupon the chorus chimed in:

The Englishman's house is his castle,  
The Englishman's hat is his crown.

And so on, and so on, the satirist preserving, throughout, the grin which adorned the face of Aristophanes when he was amusing the Athenians by burlesquing Æschylus. And what does Swinburne look like? A recent portrait gives an excellent idea of his face, with his small mouth, his weak chin and his utterly disproportionate forehead. His eyes are large and luminous, uncertain in color, because ever changing with his thoughts. For the rest, he is small—only five feet two in height—and slightly and delicately built. His manner is frank and cordial. He is a wonderful talker and is fond of reading his own poetry. He lives with Theodore Watts, the

painter and critic, who is his most enthusiastic admirer. In these quiet bachelor quarters he has amassed a rare collection of literary curios. Being somewhat deaf he eschews general society. He loves to take long cross-country walks in a broad-brimmed, soft felt hat, seldom lifting his eyes from the ground, but distributing cake and candy promiscuously among the youngsters whom he meets by the way."

Colonel Richard Henry Savage, army officer, diplomat, traveller, and lawyer, has added to his record by becoming a successful author. The sudden popularity, in both England and America, of *My Official Wife*, his first book, a reading from which is given in this number, is, indeed, surprising, considering how threadbare is Nihilism as subject-matter for a novel. The London papers have given the book long and complimentary notices; the Times, especially, saying: "It is a wonderful clever *tour de force*, in which improbabilities and impossibilities disappear, under an air of plausibility that is irresistible. The assurance of the author carries us away, and the details are as naturally worked out as the conception is wildly extravagant. Colonel Savage is evidently a man of the world, exceptionally familiar with the society of St. Petersburg." The aim of the book, as the author himself says, is not to exhibit a dash of American gallantry, but, rather, to evidence the grave complications brought about in Russia, in the ordinary social and personal freedom that the American uses at home. The book, a little over three months old, has been dramatized by Archibald Clavering Gunter. Colonel Savage has just finished *Foreign Diplomatic and Military Life*, a book with a great deal of love and no Nihilism. This will also be published simultaneously in London and New York. Colonel Savage was born at Utica, New York, in 1846. He graduated in the West Point class of 1868. He has lived on the plains when the buffalo roamed in numbers. Twice he has journeyed up the Nile. He has traveled much in Europe; has been to China and Japan, and to Corea and Siberian Russia twice. He has had a distinguished career in both army and diplomatic circles, and carries the agreeable air and manner of a cultured traveller. In addition to a masterly command of his own language, he speaks French and Spanish fluently. Colonel Savage is very tall, soldier-like in bearing; black hair and mustache sprin-

kled with gray. For many years he was a busy lawyer in San Francisco; but within the past year he has moved to New York, where he continues his profession.

The Boston Transcript, in a recent article on The Latest Western Novelist, says of Hamlin Garland, much of whose excellent work has been published by the Arena, the Boston review: "Mr. Hamlin Garland has produced a book, *Main-Travelled Roads*, six Mississippi Valley stories, that have left the critics that carp at the superb aggression of the most self-confident of the younger literary man in Boston dumb with admiration of the superb vigor, power, and artistic sweep and conviction of this new author. Those who have read *Up the Coulé* have but the one word—strong, strong. Then conservative people, who care more for the Greek poets than the American short-story writers, and know them much better, ask, 'Who is this Hamlin Garland?' Here are personalities: He is a young man, who came to Boston ten years ago to feed in our Public Library; he came from the West, from Iowa (born in Wisconsin). Ten years ago there were not such libraries in Chicago as there are now; and after browsing there for a time and finding insufficient intellectual pasture, this young man (who had lived on a farm all his life, like Bobby Burns) came to Boston and went at his studies in the Public Library. His Scotch blood is strong and in evidence, though his maternal grandparents are his nearest kin from the land of Burns, and his father was born in Maine. Judge Chamberlain had his doubts at first about letting this Westerner roam at large in the library; he belonged to no college, no society, no organization; but personality won, and for three years young Garland found the pasture he craved; he had already ranged from Véron to Posnett, from Posnett to Dowden, to Whiteman, and he acknowledges a tremendous yearly debt to Howells and a later one to the critic Perry. He has written; he has taught; he lectures before the School of Oratory, and has repeated his lectures in several New England cities. His list of lecture subjects is suggestive, shows what he is driving at in his theories; for like most young men of power, Mr. Garland is cram full of theories, beliefs, opinions; he is secretary of the society for the building of the Independent Theatre; he believes in 'truth for art's sake.'

It would be quite impossible for any conventional critic to kill Mr. Garland with scholarly criticism; he has a buoyancy of indifference to obstacles as free as a cyclone from one of his own Iowa prairies; he would joyously tell the most learned professors of Harvard College that the universities as at present conducted in America are the bulwarks of conservatism and the foes of progress; the people who hear him talk about realism and naturalism and truth usually confess an exhilaration at 'finding some one nowadays' who believes the thing he does believe with most consuming fervor. Those who read his book will not wait for London to 'discover' him to acknowledge in Hamlin Garland's work the freshness and vigor of a Kipling and the art of—but all may make their own comparisons; it is, after all, and when all shall have been said, distinctively the art of Hamlin Garland."

The Illustrated American gives a pleasant notice of Miss Hamm, whose work in journalism brought her well before the public this summer. But one point not noted is the excellent society verse Miss Hamm contributes to the weekly papers of the day, some of which have been reprinted in Current Literature. "In a pretty, tastefully arranged boudoir in her dainty apartments at Bar Harbor, Me., sat recently Margherita Arlina Hamm, the girl politician, so called by the leading newspapers all over the country. She had dropped her pen and was leaning back in her bamboo rocker. Everything in the room was Oriental, from the queer Turkish rugs on the floors and draperies at the windows to the little red sea-bean chain which wound itself in serpentine whirls about Miss Hamm's neck. She is of foreign descent, though she calls herself a true American, and she favors foreign ornaments. Her blue-black hair hangs loosely about her grave, contemplative face. Her eyes are large, full, and brilliant. It is hard to tell just what color they are; for at times they seem hazel and at other instants black as jet; then, in a soft, tender mood, they look a melting brown. Her mouth is purely French—a pouting upper lip and a determined, sloping lower one. There is a curve in the tendrils of that lower lip which designates the sarcasm, satire, and dry humor which characterize her articles. She is a fluent talker, having studied long and faithfully abroad, and acquired a knowledge of French, Spanish, and German. She herself is of French

and Spanish descent. Her grandfather was Gen. Pierre Hamm, of Canada, who headed the Liberal party forty years ago, and her own father is an Episcopalian rector in Canada. Her mother is an artist, and enjoys the artistic Spanish name of Almenia. Miss Hamm is but twenty years of age. She has been writing since she was twelve. She handles the correspondence of thirty daily newspapers and writes special articles for various other periodicals besides."

Captain King, who has won his reputation on his military novels, has issued his latest, *Captain Blake*, through the Lippincott Co. The Book Buyer says of him: "A wound received in the Arizona campaign against the Apaches—a campaign which extended over the years between 1871 and 1875, and which broke down the last warlike barrier raised by the Indians against the power of the United States troops—was the cause of Captain King becoming later a writer of stories. The trouble which this wound caused him led Captain King in 1879 to be placed on the 'retired list,' in which he still holds his commission in the army, and gave him the leisure to write. His equipment for the career of a story writer was more than ordinarily good. He was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1844, being descended on the paternal side from Rufus King, who was our first minister to England, during Washington's administration, and on the maternal from John Eliot, the apostle among the Indians. As a youngster he was on the staff of his father, Gen. Rufus King, during a period of the civil war, and subsequently was a cadet and then an instructor at West Point. During the three exciting years from 1871 to 1874 Captain King was in New Orleans, where the duty devolved upon the United States troops to preserve order amid the factional strife, political intrigue, and social lawlessness that there prevailed. It was while he was in New Orleans that Captain King wrote his first story, *Kitty's Conquest*, many of the thrilling scenes of which are transcribed from the author's experiences during this exciting period. The story was sent north to a publishing-house, but was returned with the comment that there was no public demand for that sort of fiction. The author, disappointed and chagrined, threw the manuscript into a trunk, where it remained for years. Staff duty, however, began to be irksome to him, and he asked to be ordered to his regiment, the Fifth Cav-

alry, which was then in the far West fighting the Indians. Captain King's request was granted, and the next four or five years he passed on the plains and in the mountains. While in this service it was his custom to keep a sort of a journal of the incidents of each day; and the travel-stained, leather-covered books containing this narrative are the repository of most of the graphically told adventures that give life and spirit to his frontier tales. On leaving active service Captain King returned to Milwaukee and was appointed military instructor in the University of Wisconsin. For a number of years he has served as aide-de-camp on the staff of the governor of the State, and as assistant inspector-general he has done much to improve the efficiency of the National Guard of Wisconsin. These occupations left him some leisure time, which he devoted to writing, his stories being chiefly interesting for their fresh, vivid pictures of garrison and field life on the Western frontier during the past twelve or fifteen years. His first published story was *The Colonel's Daughter*, which he was nearly a year in writing. The popularity of this tale led him to write a sequel to it, *Marion's Faith*, and then followed several short and long stories, *Captain Santa Claus*, *A War-time Wooing*, *Dunraven Ranch*, and *Between the Lines*, etc. The author's skill in drawing natural and interesting types of the men and women of the frontier army-posts, is no less marked than his adroit method of arousing and holding the curiosity of the reader by the introduction of some mystery which is the central thread in the development of his ingenious plots. Captain King is a rapid and ready writer, his style being clear, fresh, and simple. Pictures and souvenirs of his army life hang on the walls of his 'den,' the windows of which look out upon Milwaukee Bay."

Philip G. Hubert, Jr., in a series of articles on Our Musical Critics, in *The Epoch*, gossips of Henry T. Finck, whose book on Spain and Morocco has recently been issued by the Scribners. Mr. Finck is an enthusiastic apostle of Wagner, and considers it his mission in life to lead the public to the full recognition of the beauty of German opera and the utter cheapness and pettiness of the Italian. Mr. Hubert says: "A new cause in literature, art, or music naturally finds its exponents and prophets in young men, and Mr. Finck is still on the right side of forty. He was born in Oregon, of Ger-

man parentage, and was educated at Harvard. In 1874, after getting his degree, he went to Berlin and Vienna to study philosophy and æsthetics, coming back to this country to accept an editorial position on the Evening Post in 1880. During his years of European study he had written much for *The Nation*, and had made himself known by a good deal of magazine work, his articles dealing chiefly with musical matters. Mr. Finck's position as musical critic of the Post is perhaps the pleasantest of its kind in New York. He is not called upon for any stated amount of matter, as is the case with the leader writers, nor is he tied to a desk as are the news editors. His duties give him time enough to write a book every year, and from May to November he is wholly free to roam about the world getting material for books and magazine articles and for letters to the Evening Post. Outside of newspapers and magazines Mr. Finck is best known by his *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty*, a work of tremendous research, in which he contends that lack of personal beauty is largely due to the repression of romantic love. A volume of essays upon Chopin, for whom, among composers for the piano, Mr. Finck entertains an extravagant regard, and books of travel in Spain and on the Pacific Coast are soon to be supplemented by a book on Japan, which he visited last year, and by a description of a Wagner pilgrimage, which, with his young wife, he has recently entered upon. In his spare moments Mr. Finck finds time to lecture upon music at the National Conservatory of Music.

One of the rising young writers of the West who is rapidly winning a name is Edward Freiberger, of Chicago. His collection of poems, *Wayside Pansies*, has been well received and is now in its fourth edition. Mr. Freiberger is a man of about thirty-four years of age, and has been writing for full half his life. His earliest work was a series of musical criticisms which won him favor and attention on their appearance in the *Chicago Times* and the *Tribune*. In 1877 he published a book on the history of the piano, its literature and its composers. Mr. Freiberger then became local editor of the *Omaha Independent*, an afternoon paper; but, having higher ambitions, he gave up this work and returned to the wider field of journalism in Chicago. Here he writes in English and in German, and is credited with the ability to do any

kind of newspaper work. The Chicago Journal gives this paragraph as to his energy and talent in journalism, story-writing, poetry, and the drama: "There is a prospect that Mr. Edward Freiberger's new comedy, *The Two Bumblebees*, will be produced by a prominent company in November. He has just finished a one-act play, *A Proposal of Marriage*, for a well-known actor, and a monologue, *Mrs. Tufthunter's Dinner*, for Henry E. Dixey. He has also written a comedietta, *Love's Messages*, for Miss Jessie Millward, of Drury Lane Theatre, London, besides a comedietta entitled *Simply Forgetfulness*. Other recent work from his pen includes these stories: *The Woman Never Knew*, highly praised for its originality and dramatic force; *Poet and Peasant*, *The Suicide*, and *The Starving Poet*. Further, he is engaged on a historical tragedy for an English star, while a new and enlarged edition of his poems is now called for."

To the State of California and the city of San Francisco belong the credit of possessing the most industrious literary worker the world has ever known. This at first blush seems an extravagant statement, but the volume, recently issued by the Harper's, entitled *Literary Industries*, and entirely devoted to the processes by which Hubert Howe Bancroft accomplished *The History of the Pacific States*, tells a story—the conception of this great work and the method of its composition—that is nothing less than wonderful. The history has occupied Mr. Bancroft over thirty years, and English and American writers of eminence and the critical press of English-speaking countries have joined in pronouncing it "a monument of literary and historical industry." In a four-column notice of the above-mentioned book Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine, the reviewer of the New York Sun, after admitting that "*The History of the Pacific States*—which, including the introduction and supplemental compositions, comprises about forty capacious volumes—is now universally recognized as one of the most remarkable achievements in the annals of literature," is even more enthusiastic over the great value of the library collected in the prosecution of the work. He says: "At present Mr. Bancroft's collection comprises some fifty thousand volumes. As a historical library it stands apart from every other, being the largest repository in the world of books, maps, and manuscripts relating to a special territory, time, or sub-

ject. There are larger masses of historical data lodged in some other archives or library, but they are more general, not to say universal, in their character, relating to all lands and peoples, and not to a limited section of the earth's surface. Mr. Bancroft's collection is made up exclusively of printed and manuscript matter pertaining to the Pacific States from Alaska to Panama. So long as this library is kept intact, and neither burned nor scattered, California, Oregon, and the rest of the Pacific commonwealth may find in it ampler data relating to their early history than are possessed by Massachusetts, New York, or any other American State. It includes also more exhaustive material regarding Mexico and Central America than elsewhere exists. It is also to be remembered that Mr. Bancroft's collection has been put to a more systematic and practical use than any other historical library in the world. Nowhere else has such a vast number of books been so carefully indexed, according to the contents of each volume; nowhere else has so huge a mass of crude historical matter been worked over and winnowed, so that the parts worth preserving might be written out and printed for the benefit of the community." The projector of this splendid achievement, Hubert Howe Bancroft, was born in Granville, Ohio, May 5th, 1832, just two centuries after the arrival of his ancestor, John Bancroft, in New England. His boyhood was spent in working on the farm during the summer, and in winter attending school. When he was fourteen or fifteen years old he was offered the choice of preparing for college or entering a brother-in-law's bookstore in Buffalo, N. Y. He was at first disposed to prefer study, and spent another year in fitting himself for college, but finally, yielding to his brother-in-law's advice, he left Granville for Buffalo, in August, 1848. He was then sixteen years of age, and has since made his own way in the world. His first experiment at self-support was not, however, encouraging, for at the end of six months he was discharged; but, having obtained a few cases of goods on credit, he proceeded to peddle them among the country storekeepers in Ohio. His success in this business raised him in the esteem of the Buffalo book magnates, and he was taken back into his brother-in-law's establishment as a recognized clerk at a salary of \$100 a year. Mr. Bancroft's father was early infected with the gold fever, and in March, 1850, he started for Cali-

fornia. A letter received from him toward the close of the following year determined his son to follow him, and the design seemed to be made practicable by his brother-in-law's arranging to put him in charge of a bookselling business on the Pacific coast. The latter's death, however, compelled Hubert Bancroft to shift for himself, and, at the end of two and a half years spent in a mining town called Crescent City, he had managed to accumulate some \$8,000. With these resources and the sum of \$5,500 lent to him by his sister, he opened a bookstore under the firm name of H. H. Bancroft & Co., about December 1st, 1856. Times were dull just then in California, but, as the firm's stock was merchantable and its expenses light, the business gradually grew. By the end of 1857 the firm was able to obtain goods in New York on credit to the amount of \$60,000 or \$70,000. By the year 1869 Mr. Bancroft's bookselling business had become one of the most extensive of the kind in the world. As a literary worker Mr. Bancroft was, according to his memoir, a phenomenon. Reproached by the fact that he did not write every line himself, and that his personal relation to his history was that of a modern newspaper editor, directing and controlling a great staff of literary producers, he gives this account of his writing habit: "For years it was my custom to rise at seven, breakfast at half-past seven, and write from eight until one, when I lunched or dined. The afternoon was devoted to recreation and exercise. Usually I would get in one hour's writing before six o'clock tea or dinner, as the case might be, and four hours afterward, making ten hours in all for the day: but interruptions were so constant and frequent that, including the many long seasons during which I hermitied myself in the country, often writing twelve and fourteen hours a day, I do not think I averaged more than eight hours a day, taking twenty years together."

Miss Rhoda Broughton, the well-known novelist and creator of such never-to-be-forgotten people as Nancy, Joan, and Gillian Latimer, comes of an old Cheshire family, and was born in a picturesque old house on the property of her father's eldest brother, then the head of the Broughton family. "Here," says the London Queen, "in almost complete isolation from the outer world, save for occasional county balls, she spent her early years. Here, too, perched up on a ladder

in her father's library, absorbed in the fiction of an earlier day, she gained that 'experience of life' which her critics declared must have been of so extensive and varied a character when it appeared embodied in the pages of her earliest novel, *Not Wisely, but too Well*. It is strange how slow people are to learn that a declared revolt against the established order is the surest sign of youth which has a natural leaning toward things strong and violent and free, and that when sophistication comes in later years, it comes leading reserve and caution by the hand. At the completion of her first book, she read it aloud to two self-appointed critics, her uncle, Mr. Sheridan le Fanu, the author of *Uncle Silas*, the grimdest tale in English fiction, and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; of which limited audience she is wont humorously to declare that one said nothing and the other fell asleep! That this statement cannot have had even a bowing acquaintance with the truth seems clear from the fact that, owing presumably to their friendly action, the novel appeared soon afterward in the pages of the *Dublin University Review*. It was followed in a year or two by *Cometh up as a Flower*, which was offered to Bentley, and promptly accepted by him for *Temple Bar*, where also *Not Wisely, but too Well* subsequently appeared after one or two incidents had been toned down in deference to the feelings of the British public. Both novels made a considerable stir by the freshness and unconventionality of their treatment of well-worn themes; but their appearance was hailed by an outpouring of invective from the press, which proved to be but the commencement of what can only be termed a systematic journalistic persecution lasting over twenty years. For a time this hostile attitude of the professional critics did undoubtedly affect Miss Broughton's reputation, and people might be pardoned if, after seeing her persistently classed with the rank and file of English novelists, they came to regard such a classification as natural and sound. But within the last few years the opposition has largely broken down, and she is now almost generally recognized as one of the best of our lighter English novelists—a position which several distinguished French critics and a good deal of more discriminating English opinion had long ago assigned to her. Luckily, the hostility of the press was powerless to affect her popularity, for the public read her books, liked them, and asked persistently for more. In 1880

Miss Broughton moved, with her sister, to Oxford. Here she has lived for the last ten years, finding time both to gather round her a pleasant circle of cultivated people and to produce *Belinda*, *Dr. Cupid*, and *Alas!* the two latter being two of the very best of her books. Recently she and her sister moved to Richmond and settled into a charming old house eloquent of the Georgian age. And now we, who love her books, look to see many another story as delightful as *Nancy*, as humorous as *Second Thoughts*, as charming as *Alas!*"

Clarence Pullen, the writer and lecturer, is a lineal descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins of the Plymouth Colony. He is a native of Maine, and prepared for the profession of civil engineer at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and other schools. His student life was diversified with some adventurous episodes. The close of the American civil war found him, at the age of sixteen years, a volunteer in the Union Army. Two years later his first literary essays appeared in print, in the form of a series of descriptive papers and a story, *The Diamond Snake*, written after a journey to India. The practice of his profession of civil engineer in a wide field of city, railway, and harbor work, from Maine to the Pacific slope, was accompanied by considerable newspaper writing done principally for the *Portland Press*, the *Boston Herald*, and the *New York Times*. In association with Mr. C. C. Chandler, C. E., he edited and published the *Civil Engineers' Excavation and Embankment Tables*, a standard work among railway builders. His last ten years as an engineer were spent mainly in the southwest territories, the region of the old Spanish civilization. He was topographer in a party which, in 1878, explored a railway route through the Apache Indian country in southern New Mexico and Arizona; and his latest office was the important position of United States surveyor-general of New Mexico, to which he was appointed by President Arthur. For the past four years Mr. Pullen, who now resides in New York, has devoted himself wholly to literary work and public lecturing. His short and serial stories and special articles have for the most part appeared in *The Youth's Companion*, *Harper's Weekly*, or in the columns of an extensive newspaper syndicate. Mr. Pullen is tall, broad-shouldered, and athletic, a good shot and rider, and is fond of sports with gun and rod.

## VERSE FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

**A Morning Thought....Edward Rowland Sill....Poems**

What if some morning, when the stars were paling  
 And the dawn whitened and the East was clear,  
 Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence  
 Of a benignant Spirit standing near;

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me:  
 "This is our earth—most friendly earth, and fair;  
 Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow  
 Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air.

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,  
 And quest of truth and serene friendships dear;  
 But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—  
 His name is Death; flee, lest he find thee here!"

And what if then, while the still morning brightened  
 And freshened in the elm the summer's breath,  
 Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel  
 And take my hand and say, "My name is Death?"

**The Fatal Arrow....M. T. R....Good Words**

My father had a fair-haired harvester;  
 I gleaned behind him in the barley land,  
 And there he put a red rose in my hand.  
 Oh, cruel, killing leaves those rose-leaves were!

He sung to me a little love-lorn lay  
 Learned of some bird; and while his sickle swept  
 Athwart the shining stalks my wild heart kept  
 Beating the tune up with him in the way.

One time we rested by the limpid stream,  
 O'er which the loose-tongued willows whispered low;  
 Ah, blessed hour! so long and long ago  
 It cometh back upon me like a dream.

And there he told me, blushing soft—ah me!  
 Of one that he could love—so young and fair,  
 Like mine the color of her eyes and hair;  
 O foolish heart! I thought that I was she!

Full flowed his manly beard, his eyes so brown  
 Made sweet confession with their tender look;

A thousand times I kissed him in the brook,  
Across the flowers—with bashful eyelids down.  
And even yet I cannot hear the stir  
Of willows by the water but I stop  
And down the warm waves all their length I drop  
My empty arms to find my harvester.

In all his speech there was no word to mend;  
Whate'er he said, or right or wrong, was best,  
Until at last an arrow pierced my breast,  
Tipped with a fatal point—he called me friend.

Still next my heart the fading rose I wore,  
But all so sad: full well I knew, God wot,  
That I had been in love and he had not,  
And in the barley field I glean no more.

**The Sheik....William Sharp....The Independent**  
A Portrait from Life.

With heavy turban o'er his brows  
And white robe folded close to him,  
Ismail, the Sheik, with aspect grim,  
Looks toward the desert's burning rim.

Before his tent the camels drowse  
In the fierce heat; within, a shade  
Is cast by curtains, rich with braid  
Of gold, with jewels interlaid.

All round the sloping canvas walls  
Bright cloths are placed; gay Syrian hues  
Of crimson, green, and purple-blues,  
With which stray sunbeams interfuse.

Adown their midst a striped skin falls,  
Against whose fur sharp weapons lean,  
Ablaze with steely light and keen  
As any deadly Damascene.

Beside the Sheik a table stands,  
With fragrant coffee, spices rare,  
Dates that have known the desert air,  
The wild-fig and the prickly pear.

Beyond him stretch the burning sands;  
Behind him pale Iskandra lies,

Nude and with drowsy, half-closed eyes,  
Still dreaming of Circassian skies.

A lithe brown boy close to his feet  
Upon a reed a soft, low tune  
Doth make, and sings an Arab rune  
Of love beneath the desert moon.

Still grows the blazing, burning heat;  
Yet ever toward the sand-waste's rim  
Looks forth, with gaze no glare makes dim,  
Ismail, the Sheik, with aspect grim.

*The Hindoo Sceptic....The London Spectator*

I think till I weary of thinking,  
Said the sad-eyed Hindoo king,  
And I see but shadows around me,  
Illusion in everything.

How knowest thou aught of God,  
Of his favor or of his wrath ?  
Can the little fish tell what the lion thinks,  
Or map out the eagle's path ?

Can the finite the infinite search ?  
Did the blind discover the stars ?  
Is the thought that I think a thought  
Or a throb of the brain in its bars ?

For aught that my eye can discern,  
Your God is what you think good—  
Yourself flashed back from the glass  
When the light pours on it in flood.

You preach to me to be just,  
And this is his realm, you say;  
And the good are dying with hunger,  
And the bad gorge every day.

You say that he loveth mercy,  
And the famine is not yet gone;  
That he hateth the shedder of blood,  
And he slayeth us every one.

You say that my soul shall live,  
That the spirit can never die;  
If he was content when I was not,  
Why not when I have passed by ?

You say I must have a meaning:  
So must dung, and its meaning is flowers:  
What if our souls are but nurture  
For lives that are greater than ours?  
  
When the fish swims out of the water,  
When the birds soar out of the blue,  
Man's thought may transcend man's knowledge  
And your God be no reflex of you.

**Green Gravel....Katharine Tynan....National Observer**

*Green gravel! green gravel! the grass is so green  
For the prettiest fair maiden that ever was seen.  
We'll wash her in new milk and clothe her in pink,  
And write down her name with a gold pen and ink.*

Her eyes are like diamonds, her hair is like wheat,  
And her cheeks like the roses so dainty and sweet;  
She'll have gowns of the velvet and a gay golden comb,  
And a ring on her finger, when her true love comes home.

Green gravel! green gravel! your true love sends word  
That he dons all his bravest and buckles on his sword,  
And is coming to wed you; so preen you up fine,  
Set the music a-going, and flowing the wine.

Now he comes for to marry her, we'll dress her in white,  
Sprinkled over with daisies so golden and bright;  
And a veil of fine silver we'll throw on her hair,  
Lest the roses grow envious and die of despair.

But where is he tarrying, the gallant bridegroom?  
For the priest's in the parlor and the bride in her room,  
And the bridesmaids have left her to sigh her soft sigh,  
To her tears and her smiling and her mother's good-by.

*Green gravel! green gravel! your true love is dead;  
And he sends you a message to turn round your head,  
And to turn on your pillow with your face to the wall;  
You're a maid and a widow and no wife at all!*

Cold, cold in her bride-clothes she lay down so meek,  
With her hands on her bosom and her hair by her cheek.  
Now come, ye fine gentlemen, and bear ye the bride  
Where her bridegroom is sleeping. Let them sleep side by side!

## RANDOM READING: CURRENT TOPICS

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*Is Woman Inferior to Man?....E. D. Cope....The Open Court*

The foundation facts of the situation, as they appear from a physiological standpoint, are somewhat opposed to our ideals, I freely admit; but it is the history of every human mind that is not incurably imaginative rather than exact, to learn the lesson which a bondage to material conditions imposes on us all alike. The question is asked: "Is woman's inferiority the cause or the effect of her economic subjection?" The answer is that it is the effect and not the cause of such subjection, as well as of "body-dwarfing dress and custom." This is the fundamental error of a large class of women doctrinaires, and it needs but a superficial knowledge of natural history to comprehend it. The inferior physical strength of the female sex is general (though not entirely universal) in the animal kingdom; and, as mentality is one of the functions of human mechanism, it extends to the mental organism in man as well. It is a simple corollary of the law of the conservation of energy that where a large amount of energy is devoted to one function, less remains for expenditure in performing another. The large part of the female organism devoted to the function of gestation, lactation, and maternal care of children, simply puts her out of the race as a competitor with man, on anything like equal terms. Even if those functions are not active the machinery for the performance of other functions is not thereby increased in quantity or improved in quality, except in such small degrees as one woman may accomplish in a lifetime. And this small accomplishment she does not transmit, since the unmarried woman has no children. I call attention to the fact that, although woman has had the advantage of the inheritance of male accomplishments and capacities since the origin of the species, the relation between her and man still remains about as it ever has remained. The one sex progresses about as rapidly as the other, and they maintain about the same relative position. This fact is so fundamental that it is unreasonable to expect any change in the future. What can be done is to improve both sexes as much as possible in all their powers, and to acquaint each with its limitations. In this way the greatest amount of happiness may be attained

with a minimum of conflict and waste. It is evident that marriage is the destiny of both sexes, and in the first place monogamic marriage is no more a slavery to woman than the support of a family is to a man. Man is, to use this common but inexact expression, in a state of "slavery" to the conditions of his environment, and no socialistic scheme can relieve him of the difficulty, though some mitigations can be doubtless introduced. Man is an essential part of this environment, and contributes to the "slavery" to which he is subject. Woman's environment differs from that of man, in the difference in the relation in which she stands to man, as compared with that which subsists between man and man. That she should escape the consequences of this environment is no more to be anticipated than is the case with man himself. She has the advantage of man, however, in having for her "master" a being who is naturally inclined to admire, aid, and support her; while, to man, the environment is mostly controlled by grim necessity imposed by unfeeling forces. When man rebels against this environment, and makes reprisals on society by appropriating the property of others, he makes a serious mistake, and he finds it out, generally soon. So some women, discontented with their relations, are dishonest to their husbands. They also have trouble. Community of wives is as impossible as community of property, unless wives surrender all claims to more than temporary consideration. There are both men and women who think this the better system, and act on it. But the men generally abandon it ultimately and marry. It would be interesting to know what becomes of the women. More information is needed, but the impression is that such men have not chosen wisely. It is true that woman, like "any animal," can bear children; but it is also true that man, like "any animal," must make a living. The two occupations are on a par. But neither should neglect to develop their "self-hood" in such leisure time as they can command from these necessary occupations. Every girl should have a good education, especially in biology and housekeeping, and the more she knows of the science of life the better will she be prepared to fulfil her part in society. Another aspect of the question of woman's entrance into the industrial field as a competitor to man requires more space than I can give to it here. It is the fact that woman, not being responsible for

the support of her husband and family, can afford to work at some occupations for much lower wages than man can accept. This is one of the reasons for the lower rate of women's wages; and it is not due, as many thoughtless agitators assume, to the parsimony of severe taskmasters. The advent of this cheap labor into some fields has driven men out of them, and if the range of such work is to be much extended a larger number of men will be thrown out of employment. This state of affairs is said to exist in some departments of iron manufactures in Pittsburg and in some other industry in Scotland. Under such circumstances men must emigrate or cease to marry, since they can support themselves alone on their reduced wages. Any thoughtful person may follow this state of affairs to its logical consequences. One of these would be the diminution in the number of marriages and the substitution of a system in which women would be the chief sufferers. So that their success in some of the lighter fields of industry does not redound to the benefit of women at large. I do not wish to be understood, however, to deny in toto the advantage of more or less industrial occupation for women. For temporary purposes and under peculiar conditions it is often not only desirable but necessary that women should have remunerative occupation. But I merely wish to point out that this state of affairs does not represent the fundamental organization of society, and cannot alter it in the least. It is only necessary where there is a surplus of female population. It has occurred to me that it would be well to reinforce the fundamental fact on which my position rests, viz., the disadvantageous relation to man, occupied by woman in an unprotected and unaided "struggle for existence." Some women do not appear to realize this fact, and some men support them in this mistaken opinion. Nevertheless the real state of the case is known to, or suspected by, the majority of mankind. To such as do not perceive it, it may be a help to refer to the fact that every pursuit apart from those connected with maternity and the teaching of children may be as well done by men as by women, and a majority of the pursuits of men cannot be followed by women at all. The fact that a number of women succeed for a time in occupations usually filled by men does not alter the general principle. Indeed, it is often entirely proper and necessary that they should do so,

provided that they understand the general law of social equilibrium and act accordingly when occasion arises. But of this law they sometimes do not hear, but are taught by alleged reformers in the press and on the lecture platform doctrines that falsely assert that in the nature of things the world is as open for an independent career to a young woman as to a young man. If I shall have prevented a single young woman from spending the best years of her life in learning the truth in this matter my purpose will have been served

**The Monotonies of Daily Life....The New Orleans Picayune.**

Not long ago a prominent merchant, who committed suicide, left a note stating that his reason for the act was that he was tired of doing the same things over and over every day. The monotony of life had become unendurable to him. It hardly seems a sufficient reason for so desperate a resort as suicide, yet, if the truth was known, it is probably the one reason for many of the suicides that occur among particular sorts of people in middle life, and this is the period of life when suicides are most frequent. After men have passed the hopefulness of youth, and before they have reached the resignation of age, it is then that existence becomes a very dull thing; to dress and undress at the same hour three hundred and sixty-five times a year. To sit regularly, at regular hours, at the same table and consume the same viands; to go to the same place of business and handle the same books, make the same bargains, perform the same duties, do always the same thing with little variation, with little prospect of variation, till death supervenes and brings it all to an end, offers not a bright outlook. But it is the reality of life—to most lives—and the higher the race rises in civilization, the further the division of labor goes, the greater becomes the monotony. Each worker learns to do some one thing and continues to do it, and does it over and over, year after year. But this sort of feeling is experienced only by persons who are filled with nervous energy, who are impatient of the restraints of society or the exactions of the ordinary duties of life. Such a person would fill the rôle of an explorer, wanderer, a seeker of adventures in strange lands, caring little whither his progress led, if only it be to the realization of change, the finding of something new. To such a constitution and temperament the monotony of prosperity would be

as unbearable as the monotony of a narrow fortune and exacting daily labor. There are places for such restless spirits if only they could always secure them. For such there might be in store something brilliant and distinguished, although they would be most likely to realize the meaning of the proverb about the rolling stone. True, life is prosy and monotonous enough, but not too much so for most people. The urgent demands of practical existence do not leave much time for romance, but nevertheless there are still nooks and corners into which the light of fairyland shines, while few hearts are denied the delights of love, the consolations of friendship, and the stimulating influences of duty and devotion to principle. But all can neither be heroes nor saviors any more than that all can be monsters of depravity. Most of us have to be commonplace persons. Let us be thankful rather than foolishly dissatisfied with our lot.

**The New Humanitarianism....Medical Progress....London Speaker**

Referring to the work of the Congress of Hygiene, held in London recently, the Speaker says: There is ample need for a survey of its proceedings from an independent standpoint. To us it seems that the Congress of Hygiene is not so much a form of debate; it is a sort of commemoration, the commemoration of a series of unsurpassed victories—Waterloos, veritable Borodinos and Marengos, in which millions of lives have been saved; victories so inspiring and encouraging that there is no saying what may be done in a few years. Meditate upon the facts told by Sir Joseph Fayrer in his address upon preventive medicine. In the England of 1660-79—with one-fifteenth part of it lakes, stagnant water, and moist places, the chill damp of marsh-fever everywhere, houses of mud or wood, small, dirty, ill-ventilated, the floors covered with foul-smelling rushes or straw, the streets unpaved and with open gutters, the food scanty (little varied, with few vegetables and much salted meat), small-pox, marsh-fever, scurvy, and leprosy prevalent—the death rate was 80 per 1,000; by 1681-90 it had fallen to 42.1 per 1,000; in 1889 it had sunk to 17.85 per 1,000. These are the true victories of humanity. But much remains to be won, as may be seen by comparing the death rate in London with, say, those in Bolton or some other Lancashire towns. Sir Joseph Fayrer calculates that preventible diseases still kill in Eng-

land yearly about 125,000 persons, and he cites a calculation as to cases of illness not ending fatally, that  $78\frac{1}{4}$  millions of days of labor, or in money £7,750,000, are annually lost by reason of preventible diseases. One-fourth of the present deaths take place, it is estimated by some experts, from such causes, and it is pretty clear that the preventible diseases are being prevented. Dr. Priestley, in his striking paper on Maternity Hospitals, brings out the fact that, while the mortality in such places under the old *régime* before the introduction of antiseptics was 34.21 per 1,000, it is now less than 5 per 1,000. Well may all concerned be proud of such a triumph. No doubt there are disconcerting mysteries which so far have baffled investigators. A new sewage system is created in Salisbury; immediately follows an "extraordinary" reduction in the death rate. The old sanitary cess-pool system in a Surrey village, to which Dr. Seaton refers, is replaced by a new and elaborate system; there results an epidemic of diphtheria. The discussion in the bacteriology section leaves the impression that Koch, Pasteur, Dr. Roux, and Dr. Metschnikoff are but on the threshold of the subject in which they are the chief workers. Whether Dr. Metschnikoff is right in his striking theory that there is a struggle *à outrance* between the cells of the body and the invading micro-organisms, the white blood-corpuses seeking to devour the germs of disease, and *vice versa*, is uncertain; the ways of those enemies of the race that work in darkness are obscure. But even with present knowledge, what an outlook! For the first time we are within measurable distance of a time when, practically speaking, all members of the community will live their full natural lives—will die only because the machine is outworn. Hitherto a large number have made shipwreck just when going out of port, many more sank when not half-way across; and now we are told that everybody may make the whole voyage. If the average mortality of London in the latter half of the seventeenth century was 80 per 1,000, and in 1889, 17.4, what may it not be in 1980? In that larger science of political economy, health is no less a factor than wealth. If the smaller science of political economy has been stationary, the more comprehensive has been advancing, and we look forward to soon seeing National Health Budgets which will enumerate the effectives and non-effectives of society, state the expenditure

by reason of death and sickness, and the income in increased health, and so accurately compute the true national surplus. In both branches of the work of the Congress, in demography as well as hygiene, there is an advance, and in both is a tendency to push out the dabbler and the talker and writer on things in general. Science is fast invading fields which had been left open to the socialist. Take, for example, the subject of the future growth of nations. Here, until lately, patriotism or chauvinism was rampant. It said what it liked, certain that it could not be refuted. Through French literature ran a secret assumption that it was in the order of things that the French language and civilization must extend more and more as the survival of the fittest. All this is changed, not so much by reason of Gravelotte and Sedan as of the inexorable facts which demographers have made known; the spirit of vaunting optimism has given place to one approaching despair. The same assumption may now be detected in English literature; it is taken for granted that the Anglo-Saxon must eventually be universal. We, too, ought not to be over-confident: the results of the last censuses of England and the United States may well inspire doubts; and the whole subject of population is taking a new aspect. Further investigations in this field pointing to new theories are proceeding; what they are Mr. Francis Galton indicated in his address. "The whole question of fertility under the various conditions of civilized life requires more detailed research than it has yet received. We require further investigations into the truth of the hypothesis of Malthus, that there is really no limit to over-population besides that which is afforded by misery or prudential restraint. Mr. Galton throws out some hints as to the true clue to the fertility of different nations and classes; and he proposes research, in his favorite fashion, into the hereditary permanence of several classes, taking specimens of the least and most efficient physically, morally, and intellectually. Whether the true law of population will be found in that way, we have our doubts: particular societies have, like other organisms, their special law of fertility; in what is vaguely called race may lurk, as he admits, a part of the solution of that problem. Crime might be cited as another example that the day of the talker on things in general is nearly over. Formerly it was always safe to say that education must put down crime; that if only

we had schools enough, jails might be shut up. Everybody acquainted with the subject knows nowadays that this is most doubtful: statistical science attests a steady spread of education and a steady increase of certain forms of crime, and those not the least repulsive. Much was expected of the Congress now sitting. We cannot say more in its favor than that it has realized what was expected—that we have had great themes worthily discussed, and an unusually small amount of social science chatter.

**Real Christianity....John Brisben Walker....The Church and Poverty**

The time has come when Christianity, to prevail, must be real. The teachings of Christ, with reference to love of neighbor, must no longer be considered as meaningless formulas, which cannot possibly be put into practice in plain, every-day life. We must see things as they are—not as we would wish to believe them. Have not these iniquities of distribution grown up under the protecting ægis of the Church? Have not, for century upon century, men sought to protect their unjust accumulations under the sacredness of property rights? And has not the time come when from the altar discrimination should be made between the sacredness of the property of the robber, and the sacredness of property acquired by toil? There were weak bishops in the Middle Ages who were impressed by the sacredness of property when held by robber barons. They did not think they were guilty of an abomination in the sight of God when, in gorgeous copes, they stood at the entrance of "the refuge of the oppressed," and chanted *Te Deums* for the victorious returns of mailed thieves from expeditions of plunder, arson, murder. Everywhere, in our own day, we have these piously-minded freebooters, who are constantly mixing up their relations to God. There is a story of a very rich orthodox New England Christian who said to a newspaper reporter on the completion of a large work out of which he is said to have made millions: "We have been peculiarly favored by Divine Providence; iron was never so cheap before, and labor has been a drug in the market." That man would have made a comfortable living on the Rhine half a dozen centuries ago. Recollect that at no time have the doctrines of Christ escaped the colorings with which time and place have surrounded them. Do we not find the Christian religion encouraging

one set of practices in France, and another in Mexico, and another in Italy, and another in Russia, and still another in the United States? How is it possible that people in such terror from their princes as Tolstoi describes—these princes the intimate associates of and confidentially advised by the chief priests and bishops of the Christian Church in Russia—should interpret Christ's teachings amid such surroundings? What is the meaning of the word love where all is cruelty and injustice, practised in the name of religion? It is well worth studying the constructions placed upon the doctrines of Christianity by peoples made different by varying degrees of civilization. Done with a clear mind, it will result in a profound feeling of humility. The distinction between the eternal truth which the Church must always teach under God's promise, and the eternal error into which the individual and even communities of individuals are always falling, must be carefully borne in mind. The pope, the archbishop, the priest, do not pre-empt good judgment or sound common sense, or even equity, when they enter upon their sacred offices. As individuals they are prone to error, and there is no sacerdotal investiture which will prevent their falling the allotted seven times per day. In fact, it not infrequently happens that as a man purifies his life and places himself above the grosser sins of the world, the devil seems to concentrate his efforts upon the pride of mind, which goeth before humiliating mistakes, if not even actual destruction. If any one might become perfect by entering the priesthood, the gates of the seminaries would not be wide enough to admit the struggling crowds. It is one of the most mysterious things in God's kingdom—and yet perhaps not so mysterious when we consider the humility He exacts of his children—this preservation of His truth by what I may term—do not let us fear to call things by plain terms—a mob, at one time of half fanatics, wild-eyed, illogical, full of pride or sloth or downright cruelty; at another, of pompous clerics; and again, of earnest, unselfish, high-minded Newmans and Mannings and Gibbons and Irelands. The consequence is that history has not pages enough to record the absurdities committed by Christian priests and princes. This is God's lesson to us. It is outlined in the history of every individual of His Church, from the savagery of St. Peter pulling his sword to chop off the servant's ear, down to the cruel shoot-

ing of Hugo Bassi. Why do Catholic writers seek to cover up the horrors of St. Bartholomew, the cruelties of an inquisition which burned the flesh of human beings made in God's likeness, or the self-sufficient wisdom which refused to recognize the truths discovered by Galileo? Let these stories be told in every child's text-book; let them stand, the monuments they are, to the folly, the blunders, the superstition, the weakness of human souls who, in their arrogance, refused to interpret God's word except to suit their own passions—yet deemed themselves acting as His servants, advancing His interests. Perhaps the most remarkable teaching of such pages lies in the fact that the men who could be guilty of such things were not always bad men. Very often they were persons who fasted and prayed, distributed charities, watched with gentle ministrations at the bedside of the dying, or gave alms to the poor, and thought themselves on the straight road to heaven. And perhaps they were, for who can understand the depths of God's love and mercy? These are the most curious and frightful phenomena in our poor weak selves, trained in bad schools and developed under unjust laws. But in all is to be found the lesson which God would have us learn. He is all truth, and wants truth. Many an enthusiast would have been saved the sin of pride if Catholic histories had been written with a deep yearning to lay bare the truth instead of as special pleas—as if the truth could really do harm. Nothing distinguishes this generation more than its determination to have the truth. Shams and hypocrites are being stripped bare in every land. Individuals no longer deceive by posing in gorgeous attire, or, like the Emperor of China, hiding their personality from the public. Priest or laymen must alike to-day be judged by cold actuality. A lens of such power as was not even conceived of in olden times is held over every man and every act, in this hour; this lens is the press, through which the public gaze is focussed, not infrequently scorching the object over which it is so relentlessly held.

## THE TRIAL OF GUY WARING\*

When Sir Gilbert Gildersleeve took his seat on the bench in court that morning, he looked so haggard and ill with fatigue and remorse that even Elma Clifford pitied him. A hushed whisper ran round among the spectators below, that the judge was not fit to try the case; and indeed he was not—for it was his own trial, not that of Guy Waring.

He sat down in his place a ghastly picture of pallid despair. The red color had faded altogether from his wan, white cheeks. His eyes were dreamy and bloodshot with long vigil. His big hands trembled like a woman's as he opened his note-book. His mouth twitched nervously. So utter a collapse, in such a strong man, seemed pitiable.

The opening formalities were soon over, and then, amid a deep hush of breathless lips, Guy Waring, of Staple Inn, Holborn, gentleman, was put upon his trial for the wilful murder of Montague Nevitt, at Mambury, in Devon.

Guy, standing in the dock, looked puzzled and distracted, rather than alarmed or terrified. His cheek was pale, and his eyes were weary; but he was calm and self-contained. Sir Gilbert's mute agony was terrible to behold; yet, strange to say, no one in court, save Elma, seemed to note it as she did. People saw the judge was ill, but that was all. Perhaps his wig and robes helped to hide the effect of conscious guilt.

Be that as it might, counsel for the Crown opened with a statement of what they meant to prove, set forth in the familiar forensic fashion. They would presently show that close intimacy had long existed between the prisoner, Waring, and the deceased, Montague Nevitt. Witnesses would be called who would prove to the court that just before the murder this intimacy had passed suddenly into intense enmity and open hatred. It would be shown that on the afternoon of the murder Waring pointedly asked one of the witnesses whether his victim had already gone down the path before him. He was told that was so. Thereupon the prisoner

\* From "What's Bred in the Bone." By Grant Allen. Rand, McNally & Co. This story won a prize of £1,000 for the best story submitted in a recent contest in an English periodical. In the scene here given, Sir Gilbert Gildersleeve is compelled as a judge to try a prisoner for murder Gildersleeve himself committed. Elma Clifford, a friend of the prisoner, believes the judge guilty and is present at the trial.

opened the gate and followed excitedly. What happened next no living eye but the prisoner's ever saw. Montague Nevitt was not destined to issue from that wood alive. Two days later his body was found, stiff and stark, hidden among the brown bracken at the bottom of the dell.

Half-way through the opening speech Sir Gilbert's heart beat fast and hard. He had never heard Forbes-Ewing open a case so well. The man would be hanged! He felt sure of it! He could see it! For awhile the judge almost gloated over that prospect of release. What was Guy's life to him by the side of his wife's and Gwendoline's happiness? But as counsel uttered the words, "What happened next no living eye but the prisoner's ever saw," he looked hard at Guy. Not a quiver of remorse or of a guilty knowledge passed over the young man's face. But Elma Clifford, for her part, looked at the judge on the bench. Their eyes met once more. Again Sir Gilbert's fell. O Heaven! how terrible! Even for Gwendoline's sake he could never stand this suspense. But perhaps, after all, the jury might acquit him.

Guy listened to all this impeachment in a dazed, dreamy way. He hardly knew what it meant. It appalled and chilled him. The web of circumstances was too thick for him to break. He could not understand it himself.

But as for Sir Gilbert, he listened still, with ever-deepening horror. His mind swayed to and fro between hope and remorse. They were making the man guilty, and Gwendoline would be saved! They were making the man guilty, and a gross wrong would be perpetrated! Great drops of sweat stood colder than ever on his burning brow. He couldn't have believed Forbes-Ewing could have done it so well. He was weaving a close web round an innocent man with consummate forensic skill and cunning.

The case went on to its second stage. Witnesses were called; and Guy listened to them dreamily. All of them bore out counsel's opening statement. Every man in court felt the evidence was going hard against the prisoner.

At last examination and cross-examination were finished, and Guy's counsel began his hopeless task of unravelling this tangled mass of suggestion and coincidence. He had no witnesses to call; all he could do was to cavil over details, to lay stress upon the absence of direct evidence, and to ask that the jury give the prisoner the full benefit of all doubt.

Then Sir Gilbert began, and in a tremulous and failing voice summed up briefly the whole of the evidence.

Men who remembered Gildersleeve's old blustering manner stood aghast at his timidity. He reminded the jury, in solemn, almost warning tones, that where a human life was at stake, mere presumptive evidence should always carry very little weight with it. And the evidence here was all purely presumptive. The prosecution had shown nothing more than a physical possibility that the prisoner at the bar might have committed the murder. There was evidence of animus, it was true, but it was weak; there was only partial identification. On the whole, the judge summed up strongly in Guy's favor. He wiped his clammy brow and looked appealingly at the bar. As the jury would hope for justice themselves, let them remember to mete out nothing but strict justice to the accused, now trembling in the dock before them.

All the court stood astonished. Could this be Gildersleeve? Atkins would have gone point-blank for hanging. And everybody thought Gildersleeve would hang with the best. Nobody had suspected him till then of any womanly weakness about capital punishment. There was a solemn hush as the judge ended. Then everybody saw the unhappy man was seriously ill. Great streams of sweat trickled slowly down his brow. His eyes stared. His mouth twitched horribly. He looked like a person on the point of apoplexy.

There was a deadly pause. The jury retired to consider their verdict. Two men remained behind in court, waiting breathless for their return. Two lives hung at issue in the balance. Elma Clifford, glancing with a terrified eye from one to the other, could hardly help pitying the guiltiest most.

The twelve men were gone for a full half-hour. Why, nobody knew. The case was plain as a pike-staff, gossips said in court. If he had been caught red-handed, he would have been hanged without remorse.

At last, a sound, a thrill, a movement by the door. Every eye was strained forward. The jury tripped back. They took their places in silence. Sir Gilbert scanned their faces with an agonized look. It was a ghastly, painful suspense. He was waiting their verdict—on himself, and Guy Waring.

Dead silence reigned everywhere in the court as the clerk of arraigns put the solemn question, "Gentlemen, do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

And the foreman, clearing his throat, huskily answered, in tremulous tone, "We find him guilty of wilful murder."

There was a long, deep pause. Every one looked at the prisoner. Guy Waring stood stunned by the immensity of the blow. It was an awful moment. He knew he was innocent; but he knew now English law would hang him.

One pair of eyes in that court was not fixed on Guy.

Elma Clifford, at that final and supreme moment, gazed hard with all her soul at Sir Gilbert Gildersleeve. Her glance went through him. She sat like an embodied conscience before him. The judge rose slowly, his eyes riveted on hers. He was trembling with remorse, and deadlier pale than ever. An awful lividness stole over his face. His lips were contorted. His eyebrows quivered horribly. Still gazing straight at Elma, he essayed to speak. Twice he opened his parched lips; but his voice failed him.

"I cannot accept that finding," he said at last, in a solemn tone, battling hard for speech. "I cannot accept it. Clerk, you will enter a verdict of not guilty."

A deep hum of surprise ran round the expectant court. Every mouth opened wide, and drew a long, hushed breath. Senior counsel for the Crown jumped to his feet, astonished. "But why, my lord?" he asked tartly, thus balked of his success. "On what ground does your lordship decide to override the plain verdict of the jury?"

The pause that followed was inexpressibly terrible. Guy Waring waited for the answer in an agony of suspense. Sir Gilbert faltered. Elma Clifford's eyes were on him still!

"Because," he said at last, with a still more evident physical effort, pumping the words out slowly, "I am here to administer justice, and justice I will administer. . . . This man is innocent. It was I, myself, killed Montague Nevitt."

At those awful words, uttered in a tone so solemn that no one could doubt their truth, a cold thrill ran responsive through the packed crowd. The silence was profound.

Then the judge faced that court with his confession:

"It was I who killed him. I went round by the far gate, after hearing he was there, and cutting across the wood, I met Montague Nevitt in the path by the Tangle. I went there to meet him; I went there to confront him; but not of malice prepense to murder him. I wanted to question him about a family matter. Why I needed to question him no

one henceforth shall ever know. That secret, thank heaven, rests now in Montague Nevitt's grave. But when I did question him, he answered me back with so foul an aspersion upon a lady who was very near and dear to me"—the judge paused a moment; he was fighting hard for breath; something within was evidently choking him. Then he went on more excitedly—"an aspersion upon a lady whom I love more than life—an insult that no man could stand—an unspeakable foulness; and I sprung at him, the cur, in the white heat of my anger, not meaning or dreaming to hurt him seriously. I caught him by the throat." The judge held up his hands before the whole court appealingly. "Look at those hands, gentlemen," he cried, turning them about. "How could I ever know how hard and how strong they were? I only seemed to touch him. I just pushed him from my path. He fell at once at my feet—dead, dead, unexpectedly. Remember how it all came about. The medical evidence showed his heart was weak, and he died in the scuffle. How was I to know all that? I only knew this—he fell dead before me."

With a face of speechless awe, he paused and wiped his brow. Not a soul in court moved or breathed above a whisper. The judge was in a paroxysm of contrition. His face was drawn up. His whole frame quivered visibly.

"And then I did a grievous wrong," the judge continued once more, his voice now very thick and growing rapidly thicker. "I did a grievous wrong, for which here to-day, before all this court, I humbly ask Guy Waring's pardon. I had killed Montague Nevitt, unintentionally, unwittingly, accidentally almost, in a moment of anger, never knowing I was killing him. And if he had been a stronger or a healthier man, what little I did to him would never have killed him. I didn't mean to murder him. For that my remorse is far less poignant. But what I did after was far worse than the murder. I, Gilbert Gildersleeve, behaved like a sneak—a coward. I saw suspicion was aroused against the prisoner, Guy Waring. Instead of coming forward like a man and standing trial I did my best to throw further suspicion on an innocent person. I made the case look blacker and worse for Guy Waring. I do not try to condone my crime. I wrote an unsigned letter warning Waring at once to fly the country, as a warrant was out against him. Waring foolishly took

my advice, and fled. From that day to this"—he gazed round appealingly—"I have not known one happy moment."

Guy gazed at him from the dock, where he still stood guarded by two strong policemen, and felt light break suddenly in upon him. Their positions now were almost reversed. It was he who was the accuser, and Sir Gilbert Gildersleeve, the judge in that court, who stood charged to-day, on his own confession, with the death of Montague Nevitt.

"Then it was *you*," Guy said slowly, breaking the pause at last, "who sent me that anonymous letter at Plymouth?"

"It was I," the judge answered, in almost inaudible tones. "It was I who so wronged you. Can you ever forgive me?"

Guy gazed at him fixedly. He himself had suffered much. Now he could be generous. "Sir Gilbert Gildersleeve, I forgive you," he answered, slowly.

The judge gazed round him with a vacant stare. "I feel cold," he said, shivering; "very cold, very faint, too. But I've made all right *here*," and he held out a document. "I wrote this paper in my room last night—in case of accident—confessing everything. I brought it down here, signed and witnessed, unread, intending to read it out if the verdict went against me—I mean against Waring. . . . But I feel too weak now to read anything further. . . . I'm so cold, so cold. Take the paper, Forbes-Ewing. It's all in your line. You'll know what to do with it." He could hardly utter a word, breath failed him so fast. "This thing has killed me," he went on, mumbling. "I deserved it. I deserved it."

"How about the prisoner?" the authority from the jail asked, as the judge collapsed rather than sat down.

Those words roused Sir Gilbert to full consciousness once more. The judge rose again, solemnly, in all the majesty of his ermine. "The prisoner is discharged," he said, in a loud, clear voice. "I am here to do justice—justice against myself. I enter a verdict of not guilty." Then he turned to the police. "I am your prisoner," he went on, in a broken, rambling way. "I give myself in charge for the manslaughter of Montague Nevitt. Manslaughter, not murder; though I don't even admit myself, indeed, it was anything more than justifiable homicide."

He sank back again once more, and murmured three times in his seat, as if to himself, "Justifiable homicide! Justifiable homicide! Justifiable homicide!"

## CHORDS IN A MINOR KEY

**The Touch of a Vanished Hand...** Marg. J. Preston...*Harper's Bazar*

Oh, why should the world seem strange,  
With its beauty around me still ?  
And why should the slope of my swarded path  
Seem suddenly all uphill ?

I had gone, with a buoyant step,  
So cheerily on my way;  
How could I believe so calm a light  
Could turn to so chill a gray ?

And wherefore ? Because the hand  
That held in its clasp my own—  
Whose touch was a benediction such  
As only the blest have known—

Was caught by the viewless hand  
Of an angel, and upward drawn.  
What hope, what comfort, what guidance now,  
Since the stay of my life is gone ?

“But a stronger is left to thee,”  
Some comforting whisper saith—  
“The arm that shall carry thee safe to him  
When thou crossest the tides of death.”

If Christ in His mortal hour  
Had need of the chosen three,  
To watch with Him through the awful throes  
Of His dread Gethsemane,

Oh, surely His human heart  
Will pity and understand  
That speechless yearning, too deep for words,  
For the “touch of the vanished hand !”

**Love Prodigal...** Katharine Tynan...*Providence Journal*

If my love were dead and gone,  
Dead and gone, and I alone,  
I could never tell him, never,  
My heart's love, that like a river  
Floweth o'er,  
Nor diminisheth its store.

So I tell him now my love,  
And he shall not tire thereof;  
With devising of new fashions,  
And most subtle alterations,  
To convey  
The sweet tale in many a way.

Were I dead and cold as stone,  
Cold as stone, and he alone,  
Did he know 'twould ease his grieving  
The full measure of my giving  
That doth hold  
Nothing back of gems and gold.

And the beggar is a King  
In Love's land of Youth and Spring,  
And the spendthrift hath got plenty,  
While the miser goeth scanty.  
So to-day  
We'll be beggared while we may!

**Les Coeurs Brises Joyeux...From the London Hawk**

Pale ghosts of a passionate past come thronging,  
The feverish folly, the fierce embrace,  
The vague unrest and the ceaseless longing,  
The last wild kiss on an upturned 'ace;  
Of a heart that cried, and that broke in crying,  
Of bitter sorrow and blinding tears,  
When hope lay dead, and when love lay dying,  
And all the folly of bygone years.  
But *now* how we smile at the fond love token,  
And laugh at the sweet words whispered low,  
We, whose hearts have been broken, broken,  
Broken ever so long ago.

Wild hearts that beat in this great sad city,  
That sorrow in vain for a lost delight;  
Ah! yet we hear, with a wondering pity,  
The stifled sob in the lone dark night.  
Would ye were even as we are—sorrow  
Should strike its hardest, but never again  
Would the sad heart break for a hopeless morrow,  
Or the face grow weary and white from pain.

For calm, unmoved in a piece unspoken,  
 We look, like gods, on a world of woe—  
 We, whose hearts have been broken, broken—  
 Broken ever so long ago.

At the merry feast, in the light talk after,  
 In dreamy maze of the sensuous valse,  
 Does ever a sob break through the laughter ?  
 Does ever a jarring note ring false ?  
 Who carries their burden of life so lightly ?  
 Who dons so gayly the jester's guise ?  
 Who laughs so loudly as we, who nightly  
 Look laughing back into laughing eyes ?  
 Drink deep, laugh loud, and dance for a token,  
 Your hearts are merry, and none will know  
 That the merry hearts have been broken, broken,  
 Broken ever so long ago.

Then shout to welcome the latest comers,  
 Utter a jest with your dying breath,  
 And its hey! for the rollicking mad wild mummers  
 Dancing so merrily down to death;  
 For clash go the merry bells a-ringing,  
 Drowning the sob and the passionate cry.  
 Ah! yet hearken awhile to their sweet sad singing,  
 Who live and suffer, and laugh and die,  
 But let never a pitying word be spoken,  
 Or a tear be shed, we would have it so,  
 For us whose hearts have been broken, broken,  
 Broken ever so long ago.

The Light of the Morning...New York Mercury

The hours are long twixt the robin's song  
 At the dusk and the day's returning,  
 Though the moon rides high in a cloudless sky  
 And the stellar lights are burning,  
 When the fevered brain is racked with pain  
 And sleep, our pillow scorning,  
 Has passed us by and we sighing lie  
 And watch for the light of the morning.

Fair hopes take flight with the fading light  
 And the heart grows sad and weary

In the cheerless gloom of a lonely room  
Through the midnight's silence dreary;  
And the bright dreams fled and the loved ones dead,  
Once haloed with Hope's adorning,  
Only stir the heart to increase its smart  
As we watch for the light of the morning.

But the night goes by and the morning's eye  
Is bright with a kindly beaming  
As the sun rays fall on the chamber wall  
'Twixt the parted curtains streaming;  
And the saddening gloom of a lonely room  
Departs with the day's returning—  
New hopes upspring and our griefs take wing  
As we welcome the light of the morning.

The longest night has its end in light  
And for the gloom comes the rich adorning  
Of the earth and skies as the starlight dies  
In the smile of the radiant morning.

**My Sweetheart...Frank L. Stanton...Atlanta Constitution**

Sweetheart, there is no splendor  
In all God's splendid skies  
Bright as the love-light tender  
That dwells in your dear eyes.

Sweetheart, there are no blisses  
Like those thy lips distill;  
Of all the world's sweet kisses  
Thy kiss is sweetest still!

Sweetheart, no white dove flying  
Had e'er as soft a breast  
As this sweet hand that's lying  
Clasped in my own—at rest.

Sweetheart, there is no glory  
That clusters round my life  
Bright as this bright, sweet story,  
"My sweetheart and my wife!"

## VANITY FAIR: FADS AND FASHIONS

**The Ladylike Young Man....The Domestic Swell....New York Sun**

An elderly country woman, who has chaperoned two charming nieces through the dangers and delights of a gay New York season, claims to have discovered one of the gravest evils menacing modern society, and gave her views at elaborate length the other day. "The ladylike young man is at the bottom of the mischief," she remarked animatedly, "and so long as he is allowed to flourish of course girls can't and won't marry. Who do I mean? Why, that hybrid house-keeping creature who is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring, who is unsexed, and has poached further on our preserves than ever Mr. Driggs did on the manly Alliance whipper-in. Our first encounter with the new-fangled specimen was right after Christmas when cards came asking us to tea at Mr. V——'s rooms. I hesitated about accepting, but yielded and went. Still, I felt for the poor fellow's natural perplexities and bought a nice bag of jumbles, some lump sugar, and took a few extra spoons along to help him out in a tight place. Well, bless your heart, when a neat, white-capped maid answered the electric bell, and pushing aside long shadow curtains ushered us into an elegant parlor, I began making every apology, being sure we had stumbled into the wrong place. But, no, here came our host, bowing and smiling, begging us to take off our wraps, and excusing himself for preoccupation—just as I have done a thousand times at home—by saying the kettle refused to boil. Well, while he talked to the girls I began looking round for some place to hide those odious cakes and heard the spoons rattling in my pocket. Such splendor you never saw—rich hangings and portières, gracefully draped, long, broad divans heaped with plump silken pillows of faint contrasting tints, easy-tufted lounging chairs, foot stools, a subtle perfume permeating the air, and bric-a-brac everywhere. With each survey I took, that paper bag grew bigger and the silver jingled under the folds of my dress. But the polished mirrors, bowls of roses, embroidered scarfs, and charmingly decorated walls were as nothing to a scene over in the left-hand corner next the fireplace. There sat the tea table, in all its glory, with Mr. V—— hovering round it like a protecting spirit. He

had a lady ostensibly presiding, but no old maid could have kept a sharper eye on the tea cups. He discussed the different varieties of tea with warmth, defended the infusion process, gave his reasons for patronizing a particular bakery, and in the mean time he handed round bonbons and salted almonds to his half-dozen men and women guests. From confectionery the talk drifted to napery, and with a glow of genuine pride our entertainer exhibited a set of exquisite doilies lately added to his linen closet. He advocated drawn work and the outline stitch in white floss as rather superior style at afternoon functions, and then got on the subject of china, which was evidently his hobby. Each fragile cup and saucer was dilated upon in turn, the delicacy and beauty of the porcelain naturally leading to a wholesale abuse of servants. Mr. V—and a man (?) friend sitting near agreed that they never permitted Biddy to lay a finger on the properties of their pantry. They laundried every piece of china and plate personally to insure safe handling and used only pure linen towels in order to avoid lint. As you may imagine, I sat aghast to hear such conversation between two bearded creatures, and was scarcely surprised afterward, when a woman of the party ventured an opinion on the subject of sweeping, to hear both of them summarily suppress her. Surely, I thought, there must be a layer of dust, a few cobwebs, some strong-smelling pipes and a pair of rusty boots somewhere to redeem these short-haired, trousered molly-coddles. Not so. The whole establishment was immaculate and when with true housewifely instinct the man took me through to admire his admirable labor-saving domestic arrangements I was indignant enough to have administered a sound spanking and dressed him up in petticoats and a bib apron. Now, I want to know whom our daughters, sisters, and nieces are to marry?" continued the wrathful lady. "Certainly not those finicky Miss Nancy's; and there are no longer any bachelors, it appears, nice, jolly fellows, who couldn't tell a mop from a range or a broom from a lambrequin; who went buttonless and with holes in their socks till some nice girl took compassion on them; who were lonely and needed companionship, helpless and wanted a woman's hand to keep a neat hearth and warm their slippers. Since that first afternoon last winter I have been to twenty teas of the same sort in as many different apartments. New York fairly swarms with this

new type of humanity, and with each exhibition of his effeminacy I grow more disgusted. My girls are athletic, ride, swim, hunt, and use the horizontal bar. Naturally when their hosts talk bread and butter they become painfully embarrassed, feel out of their element and make mistakes. Tell me, is this really a revolution of nature? If so, the apartmental young man is a decided step toward a reversal of the sexes."

**Bohemia....In Fact and Fiction....The London Table**

As in all large cities there are people, cultivated, reasonable, and clever, who are willing to sell their souls for a place in "society," so there is almost as large a number of people, refined, intelligent, and attractive, who were born with a desire to become members of that brilliant Bohemia which one reads about in novels, and which must have existed only in Paris in the days of George Sand and Mme. d'Agoult. The class who pursue this *ignis fatuus* are as determined in their chase as the class who are going to get into society or die in the attempt. These hunters of Bohemianism are recruited from every set and order. They want to know the inside life of the lights of literature and the drama. They want to see how books are made and plays constructed. They want to have the entrée into the greenroom, and to see existence on the art side. They despise society, and call its votaries vapid, foolish, flimsy things. Give them the life of art, the friendship of the minds of the day. Let them get close to the bone of things and gaze deep into the sources of inspiration. Nine out of ten of these devotees of the joys of Bohemia are quite without talents, and are merely a mild form of the intellectual charlatan. Their one feeling is an angry protest against the narrowness of a humdrum and commonplace existence. They may not know much, or have much appreciation of the real value of creative talent, but they yearn to break away from the tedium of an absolutely eventless and colorless routine. Education and environment have nipped their somewhat sterile talents in the bud. But they pine in their exile for a life for which they may have had a natural aptitude, and they go round trying to find their level, beaten back by obstacles, and always working on again to the core of that dazzling existence for which some defunct ancestor has bequeathed them a taste. These seekers for the Elysian fields of culture and talent are almost always recruited

from the most commonplace class. They come from dull suburbs and the tedious wilds of rustic districts. But most of them are found among the new rich. Here, weighed down by the pall of unaccustomed splendor, generally lonely in a sort of magnificent isolation, bored to the verge of destruction, belonging to no lot, no set, having no place where they can establish their little camp, pitch their tent, and call in their distant friends scattered about the country, they lead a life of inconceivable monotony and dreariness. They want movement. They want friends, and the glittering Bohemia of their dreams allures them in the rainbow distance. The new rich like Bohemia, for it seems to them to be a place where the air is sharp and the meat is strong. The red unexhausted blood that made it possible for them to win a way to success beats as strongly now as ever and wants to find itself in a place where the atmosphere is keen and bracing. The wiry force and energy of a new stock does not want to fritter itself away in a society of shams and clap-trap artifice. It is sincere and earnest, and, on the lookout for something equally sincere and earnest, falls in with Bohemia. It is the women who find this acceptable spot. The men have their business and affairs to occupy their time, but the women sit at home and yawn in each other's faces. They lead a deadly life. They know few people, and they find them too vapid or too artificial for their taste. Idleness drives them distracted, for they are accustomed to a life of vigor and movement. Sunk in an abyss of dulness, suddenly some one suggests Bohemia, and away they all go to discover this delightful country. They very rarely find the genuine spot. They pick up with a somewhat false imitation and rather like it. Hangers-on of Bohemia are always willing to take what they can get, and the founder of the Bohemian salon soon finds her rooms choked up with these. For the most part, she does not know the difference, and the oddities of the people, their absurd affectations and ridiculous pretensions, their real wit, and their make-believe genius, amuse her, if they do not deceive her, and please her careless easy-going nature more than the stiff conventions of the gay world ever could. Sometimes she takes her guests lightly, with a sort of devil-may-care, reckless jollity, laughing at their frauds, liking them, seeing through them, tolerating them, occasionally admiring them, and all the time enjoying herself to the

top of her bent. More often, however, she takes them with a desperate seriousness. They are all young geniuses that she is fostering. They will be famous some day, and so will she, as their patroness. She listens to their poems, their novels, and their philosophies. They are all burning with the divine fire to her. Who knows how happy she is in her world of exalted misbeliefs? In the earnestness with which she takes up this fad, she goes over herself like an old piece of furniture, and carefully reconstructs herself to conform with the literary standard. Women who have been the godmothers of future geniuses have always been rather eccentric in their style. In view of this, she makes herself up like a worn-out dress. She arranges her hair in curls, flying in the breeze like Ouida, or in Spanish braids that are always on the point of tumbling down. She wears enormous hats when she goes out, and either has a bang hanging down into her eyes, or every single hair scraped off her forehead and plastered down like a Chinese. She wears her throat bare, and immense white collars turning back, or frills of lace that eddy in the gentle zephyrs. In the house she is a perfect marvel. Having plenty of money, she indulges her taste for the picturesque, and with a lot of photographs and an obliging dressmaker, she gets herself up in copies of mediæval paintings, most wonderful to see. At one of her receptions she comes out like a Rubens portrait, in full skirts of stiff brocade, huge sleeves, deep, pointed cuffs, and some sort of lace-ruff that stands up round her ears. She frizzles her hair out on the sides, and has two or three little spiral curls pressed down on her forehead. To make an entry suitable to this amazing get-up, she has the long suite of rooms arranged so as to focus the light of hundreds of candles upon her. When every one has come, she slowly raises the portière with a white hand, glimmering with jewels, and steps in with the solemn stateliness of one of the Antwerp burgheresses. Her court gets up to do her homage, and she rustles slowly and impressively up the long rooms, extending her hand graciously to her subjects, and distributing languid, condescending bows. Arrived at the place of honor, she sinks into an oak-chair, with a tall back deeply carved, crosses her feet on a small cushion, sweeps her train round them, places a white hand on each of the chair-arms, and with her large eyes scanning the company requests Mr. Jones to please

read his epic on the Battle of Marathon. She is very impressive and effective in this style, but this is the goddess of a Bohemianism which is elegant and refined. Women quite as well off as she is, quite as handsome and as *blasé* and quite as fond of the society of the lettered lot, prefer the Bohemianism of recklessness, poverty, jollity, and independence. Their ideas are rather vague. They have got them out of the "Vie de Bohème," and they want a life like that, with all the unconventional part taken out, also the extreme poverty, also the unrequited talents, also everything else disagreeable. But they want the devil-may-care spirit left in. They want the picturesque part all there, and the unfashionable, odd clothes, and the witty sayings, and clouds of cigarette-smoke obscuring things generally. This, in an atmosphere of fresh wealth, is rather difficult to acquire. But to a woman who is idle, capricious, ambitious, and well off, there is no such word as fail. There was a girl who undertook to find this life and to constitute herself a member of that jovial gang, whose right not to pay their bills has long been recognized. She was a clever creature, twenty-four years old, good-looking, very rich, bored half to death by the monotonous routine of her luxurious life, not inclined to marry, and yawning all day at her languid image in the glass. She read several books on the pleasures of Bohemia, and determined not only to find them but to create a little Bohemia of her own. Her life was luxurious and conventional. She would not give up the luxury, because she liked it, neither would she give up the conventionality to any marked extent, but she would modify it. So, to do this, she took all the gorgeous, Philistine furniture out of the drawing-room and filled the place with a chaotic mass of bric-a-brac, and, with some pains, created an air of careless disorder in this heretofore trim and neat apartment. The next thing to be done was to banish her parents to a back room. She did not do this because she thought, as some young women do, that the old folks would not do her credit; she feared, on the contrary, that they would do her too much credit. It looked too ordinary and of the world—too respectable, one might almost say—to have the old people sitting about and playing "propriety" just as they do in a commonplace, matter-of-fact, *bourgeois* household. So the parents took possession of the sitting-room across the hall, and kept the portière down,

that Elvira's literary friends might not be shocked at the sight of them. Then Elvira, to complete her great work, cut her hair off short along her neck, and had a hair-dresser come every morning to curl it with irons, till it stood out in a frill round her face. She bought a trunk full of long, loose, artistic dresses, an enamelled cigarette-holder, and several boxes of Egyptian cigarettes. When all the properties were thus gathered together she started her Bohemia on a solid basis of society reporters, artists' models, dress-reformers, bicycle-riders, tenors who had lost their voices, baritones who had never had any voices to lose, understudies, unpublished authors, and amateur photographers. They used to flock there in crowds on Elvira's evening. Various laws, imposed by the hostess, were enforced to give as unconventional an air as possible to the gathering. No one ever rang the bell, they just walked in as if the house belonged to them. In costume they wore whatever they liked; the more unusual the garb the better the hostess would like it. A man in a red flannel shirt and corduroy trousers would have won her heart. There was no particular hour for supper. But there was always beer to be found at the buffet, also cheese sandwiches, pâté, and caviare. They all had to open their own beer-bottles and it was all the better when they wanted punch, and there being none made, they had to make it for themselves. As for the women, they always wore their hair in some remarkable way, and it was understood that the more they smoked the more they would be appreciated by the despotic Elvira. Most of them had never had a cigarette in their mouths, and detested it, but out of consideration for the beer, the sandwiches, and the pâté, they bore this infliction manfully, and trailed about the rooms in their dingy, limp dresses, puffing smoke like little boys secretly and pallidly wrestling with their first cigars. Elvira herself was generally to be found seated on one chair, with her feet on the rungs of another, heroically engaged upon a cigarette. She never greeted any one unless she happened to encounter them in her tour of the rooms or unless they sought her out, when, removing her cigarette with one long, artistic hand, she extended the other carelessly, and with a word of jovial fellowship resumed her weed and her conversation. No one knows how Elvira disliked that weed, but she sacrificed herself from a stern sense of duty, and smoked on like a chimney

till the last guest departed, when she retired, feeling very pale and ill. She drank the beer, too, like the heroine she was, and ate the caviare with, you might say, her teeth set. Her attitude, in its graceful carelessness, was also a source of worry to her. She felt that to be truly Bohemian she ought to put her feet on the seat—not the highest rung—of the chair opposite. But this, she really thought, she could not do—it was owing to the unfortunately *bourgeois* manner in which she had been brought up. And even when one of the understudies, a pretty girl, with hair the color of burnished brass, placed her little feet upon the rung of an opposite chair, Elvira felt that this conduct was unseemly, and blushed to find her eye fixed with stern reproof upon the abashed understudy, who immediately concealed her feet under the hem of her skirt and assumed an un-Bohemian position.

**The Decline of Picturesque Costumes....The London Telegraph**

Fashions, as a rule, like Morality in the Dunciad, "expire unawares"; and costumes which have been worn from time immemorial fade away so gradually that the period of their final disappearance is imperceptible. The most experienced and the acutest of observers would be puzzled to fix the precise date when the nobility and gentry ceased to retain black footmen; or when butchers left off top boots such as we behold in Sir Edwin Landseer's picture of High Life and Low Life; or when London servant maids repudiated the use of pattens. There have been, it is true, exceptions to the rule. Old editions of the Statutes at Large contain the act of Parliament passed after the rebellion of 1745, solemnly prohibiting the assumption of the Highland dress in Scotland; while it is notorious that yellow starch "went out" because Mrs. Turner, a poisoner in the reign of James I., was hanged in a ruff stiffened with starch of the hue in question. Similar squeamishness in 1849 condemned black satin as a material for ladies' dresses to more than twenty years' proscription, it having been in a black-satin dress that the murderess Maria Manning was hanged at Horsemonger Lane jail. To the instances in which a certain fabric or mode or color in apparel has for a definite reason ceased at an ascertained date to be worn must be added the proximate demise at Rouen of a particular kind of cheap blue cotton handkerchiefs, printed in four varieties of tint by the very old-fashioned wooden-

block process. These kerchiefs, from a period to which the mind of man runneth not to the contrary, formed a distinctive feature of the picturesque costume worn by the women of Plougastel, near Brest, one of the last remaining strongholds of the ancient costume of Brittany. The death of the manufacturer has put an end to the production of the cheap block-printed handkerchiefs, as the sons are unwilling to carry on the fabrication with the present antiquated plant, and are possibly intent on turning out tasteful cretonnes or Japanese designs printed in colors by steam from engraved steel rollers. Furthermore, the demand for these special handkerchiefs has been growing of late years small and unprofitably less. Already the male Bretons have taken to having their hair cut; and at the "Pardon de Ploërmel," nowadays there are quite as many closely cropped rustics in wide-awakes and suits of "dittoes" as there are peasants with the traditional flowing locks, and clad in the traditional broad-brimmed castors and voluminous galligaskins of the antique province. The plain truth is that picturesque costume is rapidly dying out the whole world over. Take the "Vierlander Mädchen"—a decaying race, by the way—who sells bouquets under the porticos of the theatres at Hamburg; take the Roman "contadina," with her kirtle of cunningly contrasted hues, and the snowy "fazzoletto" of white linen which she wears as a headdress; take the Venetian "floraja" and the "portatrice d'acqua," or water-carrier, and contrast any one of these types with the London flower girl. It may not be generally known that the astonishing "picture" hat which that hoarse-voiced and sometimes intemperately tongued young female wears is rather an expensive article than otherwise, for which she pays by instalments, and sometimes even ballots for it, in the manner adopted by members of building societies. She patronizes, moreover, a particular jacket, a particular length of skirt and kind of boot, and she would scorn to alter the wondrous "fringe" of hair cut over her forehead. The pity of it is that all these Continental costumes are drifting into extinction. In Rome the "fazzoletto" and the many-hued kirtle are rarely worn save by professional models for artists; and the Venetian flower girls who pester the tourists at Florian's or the Specchi to buy their posies, and often thrust them uninvited into the traveller's buttonholes, are rapidly relinquishing their distinctive garb, and dressing themselves after the

fashions prescribed in the plates of the cheap fashion periodicals. As for the gondoliers, they have abandoned the wearing of a striking costume as completely as they have discontinued their citations from Tasso. There are still Swiss cantons in which the strongly marked and extremely picturesque Helvetic costume is adhered to, and in certain parts of Norway, such as the Hardanger and Telemarken districts, the peasantry still wear their characteristic native dresses; but in both countries the "wide-awake hat" and the suit of "dittoes" for men, and the cheap and ill-looking parodies of the Paris fashions for women, are steadily making their ignoble and depressing way. "Store clothes" have even invaded the Tyrol and the provinces of Austria, while in European Turkey the upper classes have wholly divorced themselves from the turban and the caftan, and have adopted a monotonous dress in which the principal elements are the scarlet fez cap and the single-breasted frock coat. The Osmanli, at Stamboul at least, has even given up the traditional "chibouck" and the time-honored "narghilé," and smokes nothing but cigarettes. It is slightly consoling to the lovers of the picturesque to know that there are still some forty millions of Russian "moujiks" who are unalterably conservative in their patronage of sheepskin "touloupes," and red cotton shirts worn over their baggy inexpressibles, with boots reaching to the knee; but a Russian gentleman, when he is not in uniform, puts on precisely such morning and evening dress as are worn in London and Paris, in Milan and in San Francisco; while, among the Polish nobility, where should we hope to find a counterpart of the costume worn by the heroic John Sobieski? Even the conventional "Uncle Sam," whom the Americans themselves laughingly accepted as a type—the gaunt, high-cheek-boned individual in a suit of nankeen and an ample Panama hat—has vanished, and, but for an occasional cartoon, would be forgotten. It is the same with our John Bull. His spirit lives; his idiosyncrasies are, happily, yet vigorous; but his hat, his broad-skirted coat, his leathers, and his tops are to be found only in the columns of our facetious contemporaries. Most varieties of the costume of the past are dead, and the rest are dying. What order of apparel is to succeed them? Surely "pot" hats, "stovepipe" hats, and suits of "dittoes" are not to be the universal wear for mankind in the twentieth century.

## SOCIETY VERSE: FANCY FREE

**For Pity and Love are Akin....English Gentlewoman**

You locked and barred the door of your heart,  
And never knew  
How sadly I parted with hope, alas!  
For there was not a space where love could pass,  
Or venture through.

And guarded without by Scorn and Pride,  
How could I win  
A thought or a smile? but when Pity came,  
You heeded the whisper that breathed her name,  
And let her in.

The locks were undone—the door unbarred  
And opened wide;  
Ah! was it an arrow sent out by Fate,  
That Love who was lying unseen, in wait,  
Crept in beside?

**An Ideal Feast....Edward Freiberger....Wayside Pansies**

I have no need of bills of fare  
That at the banquet fill a space,  
For viands rich or vintage rare  
Within my thoughts can find no place  
When I am near thee, lady fair,  
So full of wit, of charm, of grace;  
For then I feast upon thine eyes,  
And drinks delights of Paradise.

**The Rose....Two Interpretations....New York Truth**

HE:

She gave me a rose at the ball to-night.  
And I—I'm a fool, I suppose,  
For my heart beat high with a vague delight,—  
Had she given me more than a rose?

I thought that she had for a little while,  
Till I saw her—fairest of dancers—  
Give another rose, with the same sweet smile,  
To another man in the lancers.

Well, roses are plenty and smiles not rare,  
It is really rather audacious  
To grumble because my lady fair  
Is to other men kind and gracious.

SHE:

I gave him a rose at the ball to-night,  
A deep red rose, with fragrance dim;  
And the warm blood rushed to my cheeks with fright;  
I could not, dare not, look at him,  
  
For the depth of my soul he seemed to scan;  
His earnest look I could not bear,  
So I gave a rose to another man:  
Any one else—I did not care.

**Love's Lesson....Taking the Veil....Tom Masson....Life**

One evening as they sat beneath  
The moon's soft rays so pale,  
Moved by an impulse born of love,  
He kissed her through her veil.

Next evening, as before, they sat  
Beneath the star-flecked dome;  
Yet not exactly as before—  
She'd left her veil at home.

**Ashes....A Rondeau....Eva H. Brodlique....America**

The fire is out where yesternight  
I set a faint pastelle alight  
Before your portrait's silver shrine,  
And bowed as priest, with thought divine,  
As wave by wave rose incense white.

“I love him little—almost—quite!”  
The incantation sounded trite.  
The smoke-wreathes fail—it is a sign!  
The fire is out!

Ghostly the pale rings float from sight  
Like poor Love's spirit taking flight,  
Its life grown cold at day's decline.  
My heart will bend and burn for thine  
When these dead ashes kindle bright—  
The fire is out!

## THE SKETCH BOOK: LIFE STUDIES

### A Tragic Meeting....Scene in a Railway Depot....N. Y. Press

At the union depot in Chicago there recently occurred a dramatic incident those who witnessed will not forget.

Among the passengers leaving the train just in from the South was a distinguished-looking gentleman, and clinging to his arm was a beautiful girl.

To take the Joliet train there came down the steps a burly officer in citizen's clothes, and by his side was the former society favorite George Lipe, convicted of forging his mother's name to valuable documents, who, in spite of all the influence brought to bear, will have to serve his term in the penitentiary.

A steel band was about the prisoner's wrist, attached to another about the officer's wrist. The two couples met directly in front of the big gates.

"O papa!" exclaimed the girl, as her face lighted up with pleasure, "here is George come to meet us after our long journey."

She rushed forward to meet the convict, and impetuously grabbed both his hands. The shock that the sight of the manacles produced was positively frightful. Her great eyes opened, her face blanched, she tried to speak but could not, and then she fell fainting into the arms of her father, who bore her to a carriage.

The convict during this ordeal was a pitiable-looking object. The girl was his fiancée, who had been in Mexico all the winter.

He uttered no word, but as he passed through the gate it was seen that his lower lip was covered with blood. In his agony of self-control he had bitten through it.

### Negotiating with a Capitalist....Swipsey and Jimmie....New York Tribune

There were six of them, all newsboys, in the group when he joined them. He was a bootblack, and his kit hung from his shoulder.

"Hullo, Jimmy," was the greeting one sent him, without giving him more than a glance, for they were pitching pennies, and kingdoms were at stake.

"Ye kin come in nex' trow, Jimmie; this one's nearly

trowed. Swipsey next. He's winnin' de boodle to-day." "Jimmy" was silent and gloomy.

"Ain't you comin' in, Jimmy? Come in and beat Swipsey's luck. He's de winner, he is."

"No," said Jimmy sullenly.

"What's de matter? Hain't yer got de stuff?"

"Not a red."

"It's de yaller shoes what de dudes wears, Jimmy. Even de old ones puts 'em on now. Yill haf ter change your business. See?"

"Jimmy" said nothing, but gave a contemptuous look at a pair of russet shoes hurrying along. He watched invincible "Swipsey rake in de boodle," for a time.

"Say, Swipes," he said fiercely, "lend me a couple, will ye?"

"Can't do it," said the heartless capitalist, gathering up six pennies. "Spoil me luck. Wait till de luck changes."

The luck didn't change, and presently two of the players trotted off to realize some cash on their stock of papers. When they came back "Jimmy" looked as if he could commit highway robbery.

"Say, Swipes," he said, "I'll fight ye ter see whether ye len' me five. If I lick yer, ye len'; if I git licked, ye don't."

"Ye kin do me, Jimmy. I got a sore knuckle on me right, me fightin' hand."

"I'll fight two of youse. Take de kid wid ye."

"De kid ain't no good at fightin'. Danny licked him wid one hand."

"Lemme see de knuckle."

"Swipsey" showed the injured hand. "Smashed it on de Eyetalian what tried ter do me out of a cent," he said.

"Say, Swipes," said "Jimmy," desperately, "I'll fight ye wid one hand."

"I'd hurt me knuckle," and again he picked up his copers, for the pitching had never stopped.

"I'll put me left in me pocket."

"I won't fight ye," answered "Swipsey." "Besides, Jimmy, ye know I kin do ye. Didn't I lick ye when ye eat me banana?"

"Jimmy" couldn't answer that. While he stood there searching his brain for further cajoleries he saw a man whose boots had a rusty look.

"Shine, sir?" And then the wonderful change!

"Say, I'll be wid ye in a minute," cried Jimmy, and three minutes later there were seven in the game.

"Me luck is broke," said "Swipsey."

**A Darkened Chamber....The Presence of Death....Youth's Companion**

Outside of the farmhouse the sun was shining and the wind stirring the great bed of mignonette under the windows. The farmer's old wife planted it in the spring, that the sweet odor might come up to her while she was at work. Great flocks of ducks and chickens were cackling about the kitchen door, now waiting for her. It was she who always fed them, and the robins and sparrows too in winter. She loved every living thing, no matter how small or ugly, God had made.

But though these dumb creatures have watched with their bright, anxious eyes for days, they cannot find her. Her chamber windows are closed so that there is only a dull twilight inside, and on the bed she lies dumb and motionless.

She was always at work from early dawn until late at night, and now it is the busiest hour of the day. The house is crowded with strangers, her children are in grief and trouble, but she lies there sleeping, and takes no notice.

Her husband, a hard-featured old man, bends over her with an unaccustomed moisture in his keen eyes.

"She was a good wife," he says to his daughter. "She worked hard for me for forty years. Maybe too hard. She looks tired out."

"She slaved for us all!" cries the girl, sobbing, on her knees. "I might have lightened the load for her. How patient she was! Nobody ever saw her angry or fretful, no matter how hard the day's work had been. I went to her with all my worries and troubles. She was so wise! Whom can I go to now? There is nobody that can fill her place to me! Nobody! nobody!"

One of her sons, a haggard, middle-aged man, whose face bore the traces of dissipation, had sat alone during this time in the corner of the darkened room, unnoticed, for he had long been an outcast, and father and sisters had lost affection for him and even their interest in him.

When they had gone out now he came up and kneeled beside the bed and laid his head on the breast on which he had slept when he was a baby. But for the first time there was no warm beat in it for her son.

"Mother," he whispered, "*you* never failed me! Every man's hand is against me, but *you*—*you* loved me!"

All he had known of good or of Christ in the world was through her. She was an illiterate, humble woman; her voice was never heard in public, even in the little church prayer-meetings; but all through his life she had prayed with her boy, she had talked to him of God and Heaven as of things as real to her as the house in which she lived.

Now she had gone to them and he was alone. He kneeled beside her, silent, for a long time, and then rose, and, taking her cold hand in his, promised before God to lead a different life. A ray of sunlight struggled into the room and fell upon him as he stooped and kissed her.

"Mother, you have saved me at last!" he said, and went out, his coarse face full of exaltation. But to all these words of approval, of remorse, of love from the lips so dear to her she made no answer, but lay, sleeping—taking no notice.

Did she hear them? Who can say? If spoken yesterday they would have filled her soul with happiness.

**A Cross of Fire....Opie P. Read....The Arkansaw Traveller**

"I do not care to say whether or not men are directly called to preach," said the Rev. Mr. Hickers, "but I know that some sort of influence is brought to bear."

"How was it with yourself?" asked a young lady.

"Well, if I tell you, you'll think that I was superstitious."

"O dear, no."

The old gentleman, after a moment's reflection, said: "Well, I will tell you. Let me see, it was about forty-two years ago. I was a young man of noisy habits. My father was a devout Christian, and often importuned me to mend my ways, but Satan had so strong a hold upon me that I laughed at sacred matters. One time in the fall of the year, a camp-meeting was organized a few miles distant from my father's house. As it was a good place to swap knives, I was in regular attendance. One evening an old and palsied man preached a sermon on the sinfulness of youth. My father must have made a special request of him, for he seemed to preach directly to me. I began to grow nervous, like a prisoner arraigned before court, and after a while, feeling that I was convicted, I threw up my hands and sank down upon a bench. In a moment I was surrounded by persons

who endeavored to whisper words of comfort in my ear, and, among the singers who raised a song of hallelujah, I recognized my father's voice. It has been said, and with much truth, that a very wicked person experiences a change more suddenly and with less agony than the half-good person, for the wicked penitent, having no reservation, withholding nothing, throws himself upon the mercy of a Saviour and humbly begs forgiveness. I know I did. No man could have begged more piteously, but it is unnecessary to dwell on this part of my experience. I was converted that night. People who crowded around to congratulate me said that I had made a bright profession. I shall never forget my father as he seized me.

"‘Louis,’ said he, ‘to see you become a preacher would be balm to my old age. Then, indeed, would I think that my life had been a success.’

“‘I am not good enough, father,’ I replied; ‘and, besides, I have not been called upon.’

“‘God must be the judge of that, my son, and I hope and pray that he may call you.’

“‘If he does I shall obey him, but I must be certain.’

“I did not like the idea of becoming a preacher, for I believed that there were many others who could do the work better than I. There are a great many good men to whom the idea of preaching is distasteful.

“The next night I sat close up to the stand, eager to catch every word the preacher uttered. I don't remember his text, but I know that he preached about a great cross of fire. He seemed to be preaching directly to me, and it seemed that he was commanding me to go and preach the gospel.

“That night I walked home alone. Desiring to meditate without interruption, I did not take the road but went across the fields. I kept thinking of the cross of fire. ‘I wish I knew how to act,’ I mused. ‘If the Lord wants me to preach, why does he not give me some sign? I will get down and pray.’ I got down on my knees and prayed fervently. When I arose I looked toward the east. I was thrilled. There was a great cross of fire. It almost reached the sky. I would be certain. I would not permit wrought-up fancy to influence me. I walked toward the cross. Brighter and brighter it grew—grew so bright that it drove the darkness away. There could no longer be a doubt. I turned and ran

toward home. When I reached the house my father was sitting on the porch waiting for me. I told him that I had been called to preach, but I did not tell him that I had seen the burning cross. I shall never forget how joyously the old gentleman prayed that night.

"Three days after seeing the cross of fire, I was an ordained minister. One Sunday I went through the fields to see the sacred ground where the cross of fire had stood. I saw the ground. I was shocked. The cross was still there. It was a dead tree with two enormous branches spread out in the form of a cross. The tree had caught fire. Well," added the minister, "I don't regret it. Yes, men are influenced."

**Going to Sea....Pleasures of the Deep....Philadelphia Times**

The enthusiastic boy, after finishing the last chapter of a book called *The Pleasures of the Deep*, pleaded with his father to let him ship aboard a small schooner.

The old man smiled a grim smile, took the case under consideration, and in a few days the boy was on the rolling deep, as a greenhorn on a vessel in the coal trade.

The next week he appeared at home, lame and stiff, his throat sore, one eye nearly shut, and a feeling of humbleness running all through him.

"What, back again!" cried the old man as the boy entered the house.

"Yes, father. I want to saw all the wood for winter, bring in all the coal, clean out the cellar, and paint the barn, and you needn't give me but two meals a day."

"Don't you like sailing?"

"Father, you don't understand anything about it. The captain sailed away on Sunday the same as any other day, and I believe he swore even harder. He wouldn't give me an umbrella when it rained, he made me sit up 'most all night, and two or three times called me up at midnight and made me haul rope and drag old sails about. There wasn't a single night when all of us got off to bed at nine o'clock, and there wasn't a day that he did not bully us about and stop us every time we got reading anything good. I like land, father, and I wish I owned a farm."

The old man chuckled, and the boy turned away from Peter Simple last week with a shudder.

## PRATTLE OF THE CHILDREN

**My Child....David Barker....Poems of Childhood**

One night, as old St. Peter slept,  
He left the door of Heaven ajar,  
When through a little angel crept,  
And came down with a falling star.

One summer, as the blessed beams  
Of morn approached, my blushing bride  
Awakened from some pleasing dream  
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this, I ask no more:  
That when he leaves this world of sin  
He'll wing his way to that blest shore  
And find that door of Heaven again.

**Long Ago....Libbie C. Baer....Golden Voice**

On her lap gran'ma did hol' me;  
Smoothed my apron down—just so;  
Had me fol' my han's, then tole me—  
She's a May queen—long ago;  
W'en they had May queens, you know,  
Long ago, long, l-o-n-g ago.

Gran'ma's hair is thin, an' so white,  
An' her face is—puckered so;  
But she's sweeter, by enuff sight,  
Than some younger folks I know.  
Don't you see how dandeli'ns blow—  
Turn their gold all into snow?  
Gran'ma's hair—it done jes' so,  
Long ago, long, l-o-n-g ago.

Hair was golden, like the sunlight,  
Eyes wuz blue, an' cheeks wuz red;  
An' her skin wuz smooth an' so white—  
That is jes w'at gran'ma said.  
All in white from tip to toe,  
She was May queen, long ago,  
Long ago, l-o-n-g, long ago.

Jes' like fairies in green bowers,  
Singin', dancin' on the green,  
Pickin' out the brightest flowers  
Fur to deck their little queen,  
Lads and lassies, 'round they go,  
Dancin', singin', bowin' low,  
Long ago, long, l-o-n-g ago.

Gran'ma stops. "I'm tired," says she;  
"Now go away, dearie." An' I go—  
But it's queer what she can see now,  
Lookin' far off an' sighin' so;  
An' I hear her whisperin' low:  
"Polly, Betsey, John, an' Jo  
Gone, all gone, so long ago,  
Long ago, long, l-o-n-g ago."

**Indian Lullaby....William A. Leahy....The Independent**

Founded on an Algonquin Lullaby in Schoolcraft.

Rest, little sleeper, beneath my wand,  
Light as the lily-cup on the pond,

Rest, rest.

Through the dark forest bloweth a breeze,  
Swinging thy cradle 'twixt the trees,

Rest, rest.

Lullaby-by, have no care;

Lullaby-by, mother is nigh;

Pain be here, joy be there,

She'll sing to her baby a lullaby.

Sleep, little daughter, mother will spin  
Scarlet frocks to dress thee in;

Sleep, sleep.

Father will chase the forage bee  
And steal his honey for thee, for thee;

Sleep, sleep.

Lullaby-by, fear no foe;

Lullaby-by, mother is nigh;

Low and high, high and low,

Swinging her baby with lullaby.

## UNUSUAL, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

**The Ghost Procession....A Churchyard Vision....Liverpool Post**

Having been concerned in a most remarkable and altogether inexplicable adventure recently, which happened to me in Thomas Lane, Knotty Ash, I have been induced, at the earnest solicitation of many friends, to communicate the following particulars of the same to the Liverpool public as being of more than ordinary interest. I was proceeding leisurely on foot to Broadgreen, when, on passing the church at Knotty Ash, my attention was suddenly arrested by the strange and uncanny appearances of its graveyards. The time would then be shortly after midnight. The whole burying ground seemed alive and glistening with a thousand small bluish lights which appeared to creep in and out of the different graves, as if the departed spirits were taking a midnight ramble. I stood petrified, not knowing what to make of it, at the same time experiencing a feeling of horror which suddenly took complete possession of me. Just at this moment the moon, which had hitherto been more or less obscured by a moving panorama of passing clouds, came, as it would seem, to my assistance, giving me for a very short time the benefit of her companionship. And now appeared the most startling phenomenon of all, a phenomenon which caused my hair to stand on end with fright, a cold numbness of horror paralyzing me in every limb, for, advancing up the road directly opposite to me came a funeral train, the coffin borne along with measured tread, covered with an immense black pall, which fluttered up in the midnight wind. At first I thought I must surely be dreaming, and therefore pinched myself in the arm to ascertain if this were really the case. But no, I certainly was not, for I distinctly felt the nip, and was therefore satisfied as to my wakefulness. "What could it all mean?" I asked myself as the cortége gradually approached me and I began to distinguish the general outlines of the bearers. These appeared to be elderly men, and to have lived in a bygone age. All were dressed in the costume of the latter part of the eighteenth century. They wore tie wigs, and some had swords, as well as walking-sticks, mounted with death's heads. I observed only one really young man among the crowd of followers, walking just behind the coffin.

His youth, in comparison with the others, perhaps made me take especial notice of him. He was dressed in what appeared to be black velvet, the whiteness of his ruffles standing out in marked contrast to the sombre nature of his general attire. He carried a sword, had diamond buckles in his shoes, and wore his powdered hair in a queue. The face of this young man was deathly pale, as were also the faces of all the others accompanying him. Instead of the procession advancing to the gate at which I stood, it turned suddenly and entered the burial ground by the one situated at a few yards' distance. As the coffin was borne through this gate all the blue spirit lights seemed to rise from the graves as if to meet the cortège for the purpose of escorting the body to its last resting place. These awful lights added considerably to the ghastliness of the scene as they floated over the coffin and heads of the mourners. Slowly the procession glided up the pathway, passing the main entrance of the church, and, continuing its way in a straight line, finally disappeared at the back of the edifice. Where this most extraordinary funeral went to or what became of it I cannot tell; but this much I distinctly aver, that coffin, mourners, and light—even the pale, flickering moonlight—all disappeared as mysteriously as they came, leaving me standing in the darkness, transfixed with astonishment and fright. Upon gathering together my somewhat scattered senses I took to my heels and never stopped running till I found myself safe in my own house. In fact, I scarcely remember how I got home. After recovering a little from the shock I immediately aroused a female relative, who had retired for the night, and related to her the above particulars. She assured me that I must have been suffering from mental hallucination, but, seeing the great perturbation of my mind, and at the same time knowing my natural scepticism with regard to all so-called supernatural phenomena, she came to the conclusion that after all I might possibly have seen what has been described above. The next day I made inquiries at the neighborhood of Knotty Ash, and ascertained from a very old woman that she remembered a story in her youth having reference to the mysterious and sudden death of an old occupant of Thingwall Hall, who was hastily and quietly buried, she thought, at midnight, in old Knotty Ash church-yard. If so, was this a ghastly repetition of the event got

up for my especial benefit? or was it a portent intended to foreshadow the coming of the dread visitor to myself? Now, as I have before stated, I am no believer in ghosts, but certainly this very remarkable experience of mine has entirely upset all my previously conceived notions of the subject, leaving me in a quandary of doubt. On the evening upon which I saw the mysterious midnight funeral at Knotty Ash I was exceedingly wide awake; had met several cyclists on the Prescott road, with whom I conversed, and had likewise refreshed myself at the public drinking fountain placed at the top of Thomas lane. Strange that a few hundred yards farther down the road I should encounter so ghostly an experience—one I shall never forget to my dying day.

**Methods of Suicides....Max Heindel....The Philadelphia Item**

It is singular that the country in which crimes of violence are most frequent is also the country in which suicides are comparatively rare. The Italian seldom uses a dagger on himself. No matter how desperate his case, he clings to his own life, even if it only be for days or hours. Under the rules of the Bourbons (when capital punishment for certain high crimes was inflicted in horrible fashion—breaking on the wheel, burning, etc., being among the penalties) every opportunity was given to prisoners to commit suicide; yet the English traveller Leonard Rogers, who spent some time in Italy during the rule of King Bomba, knew of but one instance of a criminal killing himself. That was the case of a Sicilian named Cocco Ortu, who murdered Fereoli, Bomba's chief tool in Sicily, for crushing and grinding the people. Cocco Ortu, driven to desperation by the sale of his father's farm for taxes, sought out and slew Fereoli, whom he believed to be responsible for the act, and who had bought the farm, as he had bought many other farms, for a tithe of its value. Ortu was sentenced to be hanged and burned. Ortu knew what that meant, and when the humane jailer carelessly left a cord in his cell he used it. It is a curious fact that, although Italians are reputed to be ardent lovers, outside of the drama suicides in Italy on account of disappointed love are seldom heard of. Murders for the same cause are common enough. The romantic and tragic story of Cerboni's courtship is known in every Calabrian household. Cerboni was the son of a peasant proprietor near Mileto. In early life he obtained

employment as a menial in the household of the duke of Corigliano, and was foolish enough to be bewitched by the princess Marie Antoinette, the daughter of the duke, and named after the unfortunate queen of France. It was a hopeless love and not reciprocated; but the duke heard of the youth's devotion, and he readily got rid of him by sending him to the galleys. This was easy enough for a duke who stood in favor with Bomba. The young man was liberated five years later. Broken down in health and robbed of whatever good looks he possessed, he dragged himself to the steps of the ducal palace at Naples. He was recognized, seized, and sent back to the galleys. He did not become mad; he simply pined away. One day, sitting, little more than a skeleton, at the oar, he suddenly broke away and, with the name of Marie Antoinette on his lips, leaped into the sea. One of Italy's minor poets has woven the story into a simple and touching ballad. Suicide is more common in Spain than in Italy, although it is but recently that reliable statistics on the subject have been within reach. It is worthy of note that Spanish suicides in nearly every known instance have sought death by starvation, perhaps owing to a conscientious prejudice against a more violent form of self-killing. The latest suicide of any notoriety in Spain was that of a nurse named Vidal, who was dismissed from the service of the royal court at Sebastian last summer because charged with neglecting the infant king. The cause of her death was reported to Queen Christiana, who gave her a decent burial. No doubt in a country like Spain many cases of self-destruction are never reported to the authorities. The charcoal pot and a close room are the usual and final refuge of the Frenchman or Frenchwoman for whom life no longer has charms. During the year 1890 no less than two hundred and thirty-two persons took their own lives in Paris alone, and of these one hundred and seventy-three inhaled the fumes of charcoal. Perhaps the saddest case of the year was that of the widow Berandau, in a village adjoining Lille, in the Department of the North. Her husband died in 1889, leaving her with five children, ranging from a babe in arms to seven years of age. She managed to support them in a meagre way. She was still young, not over twenty-eight, and attractive. A middle-aged rentier, of the same commune, offered her marriage and she accepted him. He broke his promise, starting for Bel-

gium two days before the date set for the wedding. The widow seemed to be resigned, and on the morning that should have seen her happy again she was especially cheerful. The following morning no smoke curled from her cottage chimney. The neighbors making their usual calls were met by silence. They entered the house. In the bedroom lay the widow and her five children, all just as they had retired, sleeping peacefully the sleep of death. The fumes of charcoal told how death had come. The rentier whose perfidy had driven the widow to despair never dared to come back from Belgium. In England attempted suicide is always punished as a crime, as it is in the State of New York. The usual penalty in England is three months' hard labor. The would-be suicide who is tired of life finds himself transferred to the treadmill, where he is kept at the hardest kind of work in a cage for hours at a time, without any opportunity to rid himself either of working or of life. What his feelings are after three months of this sort of thing may or may not be imagined. Probably he loses even the energy necessary of another attempt upon his life. As compared with most European countries suicides are common in England. Nor are they confined to any class, although more numerous among the unfortunate and friendless. The most sensational suicide of a recent period was that of the late duke of Bedford, one of the wealthiest noblemen in England, who, in a fit of depression, shot himself through the heart. Every effort was made to keep the facts from the public, but the truth leaked out, and the affair became a national scandal. Suicides by leaping into the river from London Bridge became so frequent of late years that for a long time past the London police have maintained a special watch for such cases. The most extraordinary suicide in Great Britain last year was that of a machinist in the railway works at Crewe, who boldly leaped into a mass of melted iron, and was smothered and burned to death in the liquid. In Germany, suicide is, under certain circumstances, a duty, and one seldom shirked when the circumstances arise. The army officer who has disgraced his uniform is expected to use the pistol on himself. If he fails to do so he is doubly prosecuted for his crime and his cowardice. Civil officials are not bound by any similar code of honor; but the burgomaster or treasurer who has made a bungle of the local finances in trying to straighten his own

seldom fails to save himself from the dishonor of prison by resorting to suicide. In Russia a similar code prevails, and the young military officer Lindelhof, who recently murdered an actress in Warsaw, earned the contempt of everybody by refusing to take his own life. After killing the woman he went and told the story to the colonel of his regiment. The colonel listened, took out a pistol, laid it on the table, and, with the remark, "You know your duty!" left the room. The woman-slayer was too much of a coward to slay himself. He next went to the prefect of police, and related what he had done. That functionary handed him a revolver. Lindelhof failed to use it. He was stripped of his uniform, put to trial, and is now serving a sentence of imprisonment.

**Sneezing....Theories and Superstitions....St. Louis Globe-Democrat**

The sneeze has been defined as "a convulsive motion of the expiratory muscles, by which the air is driven rapidly and rushes sonorously through the nasal fossæ, carrying with it the mucus which adheres to the pituitary membrane." It has also been declared by a learned mind that a sneeze relieves any over-pressure on the brain, serving as a sort of mental safety valve. Be this as it may, however, there is perhaps no one who has not experienced, aye, and enjoyed, the sneeze. There is a great difference among people in the tendency in that direction. Conditions that will affect one and induce a violent fit of sneezing will not disturb another in the slightest degree. But any foreign substance calculated to cause a decided titillation of the nose, like snuff or pepper, will bring the hardest of them. The rabbinical theory of the origin of sneezing is old enough to be good, and is here given for what it is worth. Away back before Bible times there was a sick rabbi named Eliezar. His position was that man was to sneeze just once. It was to be the sign of death. The story does not relate whether man died because he sneezed or sneezed because he was dying, only that he died when he sneezed. This went for scores of years, until Jacob got to pondering over the matter, and, not taking to it kindly went in prayer to the Lord for a repeal of the law. The supplication was heard, for Jacob sneezed and did not die. There is nothing in the Bible to support any of this, for the only reference in the book to sneezing is in connection with returning life. For instance, the son of the Shunamite, when

prayed over by Elisha, sneezed seven times and awakened from death. With the ancient Greeks, the origin of sneezing had a Promethean fable connection. Prometheus was a brother of Atlas, and, for offending Jupiter, was chained to a rock, where an eagle fed upon his liver every day, the destroyed part growing again at night. Finally Hercules killed the bird and freed the prisoner. The latter's offence against Jupiter was stealing fire from heaven in a reed to put in the nostrils of a mud man he had made, and so give it life. As the image began to warm up it sneezed, and then commenced breathing. Thereafter when any one sneezed it was customary to pray for blessings on them. Some other Eastern nations have an entirely different version, to the effect that one of the judges in the ever-burning pit of fire has a register of men's lives. Every day he turns a page, and those whose names appear are the next to seek his domain. As the leaf is turned they all sneeze, and those hearing it invoke a blessing on their future. There is still another tradition for the custom of beseeching a blessing on a sneezer. It is said that in A.D. 595 there was a great plague, those who breathed the air sneezing and dying. Gregory the Great was then Pope, and he appointed a form of prayer to avert the fatal effects. It was written by Thucydides in his record of the great plague of Athens, that sneezing was a sign of returning health, thus offsetting the statement to the contrary. Long before Pope Gregory the custom of asking a blessing when one sneezed was universal. In Homer's time the Greeks had "Jove preserve thee!" for a sneezer, and the Romans considered it rude not to salute one. In the New World, too, such a practice seemed to prevail, for when, in 1542, Fernando de Soto met the Mexican cauzique Guachoya, every time the latter sneezed his followers lifted their arms in the air, with cries of "May the sun guard you!" Sneezing, as an omen, may be regarded as of favorable augury. "Two or three sneezes be wholesome," says an old author, and "He that hath sneezed thrice, turn him out of the hospital," says the proverb. Of sneezing, however, as of other good things, it is possible to have too much. Famanus Strada, the author of a grave historical work, has a learned digression on the subject of sneezing, and mentions one Pistor Suburranus who died of a fit of it, expiring at the twenty-fourth sneeze. In Aristotle's time, men generally

sneezed twice; but since then the art of sneezing, like other arts, appears to have advanced, and a triple sneeze is now, we believe, considered the correct thing. The virtue of sneezing, however, depends much upon circumstances of time and place. Sneezing from noon to midnight is good, according to Aristotle, and from night to noon the reverse, and we learn from another source that "If any one sneeze for three nights in succession, it may be taken as a sign that some one will die in the house," or that some other calamity will occur. According to Lancashire folk-lore, a good deal depends upon the day of the week in the matter of sneezing:

Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger ;  
Sneeze on a Tuesday, you kiss a stranger ;  
Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter,  
Sneeze on a Thursday, for something better.  
Sneeze on a Friday, you'll sneeze for sorrow ;  
Sneeze on a Saturday, your sweetheart to-morrow ;  
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek,  
The Devil will have you the rest of the week !

Sneezing, as observed by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, is considered by Homer a good sign. In the *Odyssey* Telemachus is represented as sneezing when his mother is denouncing the suitors, and this was taken as a happy confirmation of her words. "Thus she spoke, and Telemachus sneezed loudly, and the house responded and Penelope laughed [and said]—Do you not see that my son has sneezed at my words ? Therefore shall death come upon the suitors," etc. Xenophon tells of a sneeze which may be said to have decided his own fate and that of the whole Greek army. While delivering the address in which he exhorted his companions to firmness and resolution, and while their minds wavered between resistance and surrender to the enemy, a soldier sneezed. The whole army accepted the omen, burnt their carriages and tents, and determined to face the dangers of the celebrated Return. St. Augustine asserts that, if on getting up in the morning any of the ancients happened to sneeze while putting on their shoes, they immediately went to bed again in order that they might get up again more auspiciously and avoid the misfortunes that might occur on that day—a wholesome example that might be followed advantageously by many persons who in these days are apt to "get up the wrong side the bed" or "get into their clothes the wrong way." The Hindoo performing his morning ablutions in the

Ganges uses the same precaution, for should he sneeze before finishing his devotions he immediately begins his prayers over again, and repeats them *de novo* as often as they are interrupted by a sternutation. It is too much to expect that so inviting a subject as sneezing should escape the notice of ancient wits and jokers. It is introduced as an incident in several broad stories told at the expense of that legitimate butt of ancient comedy, the injured husband, who is made, under circumstances which we must leave the reader to imagine, to "bless" his betrayer. In the Greek anthology there is a comical epigram on one Proclus, whose nose was so long that he could not hear himself sneeze, and who therefore never said to himself "God bless you!" and there is a pretty story, quoted from the French, which may thus be told in English:

A luckless gambler, issuing forth from play,  
Snuff-box in hand, stood musing by the way ;  
A passing beggar, seeing one well dressed,  
Instant to him his urgent need expressed.  
As face to face they stood 'twas hard to tell  
Which needed most, the beggar or the swell.  
At length the latter, offering the snuff,  
Exclaimed, "Take, friend ; of this I have enough ;  
But it is all they've left me—every rap !"  
To whom the other, fingering his cap,  
Replied : "Kind sir, great thanks, but little need  
Have I of snuff to make me sneeze, indeed;  
For without that I get from high and low  
*Kind wishes, plenty everywhere I go.*"

It is somewhat remarkable that the English-speaking nations should be those who have paid least regard to sneezing traditions, and have been the first to abandon its customs. Abroad the German peasant has his "gesundheit" and the Frenchman his "bonne santé" ready for us on every occasion, and even Paddy salutes us with a hearty "Save your honor!" but in this country one may sneeze one's self breathless unnoticed. Whether this proceeds from the stolidity or the *mauvaise honte* which enemies credit us with, or from the practical character of Americans, or whether the custom was, as some say, abolished in Puritan times, does not appear; but the apparent tendency is to see nothing more in a sneeze than an indication of cold in the head or incipient catarrh.

LITERATURE OF THE DRAMA

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**A Definition of Drama....The National (English) Observer**

The need to issue an adequate definition of an art is, some may say, of no urgency for the artist who works by instinct—a modest nomer for inspiration—and not by rule; but it is of pressing moment for the critic. For if you shall criticise, it must surely be by canons, and these canons compose a definition. It is indeed but a rare creature who would deny to the artist himself this elementary knowledge; for though it may be true he will not be cribbed by the rule of another, and will refuse the meagre limits of the vulgar law, yet he must after all take his departure from some precise base. To live upon a catholic usage of society is not, in fine, to sell away one's freedom; for without such general usages society were no better than primeval savagery. To be plain, then, an art should be builded upon a definition; so you have the foundation, you may make the superstructure what you will. And the art of play-writing among the rest. Yet it would seem well-nigh impossible to have any accord upon this question of dramatic art; for in each century many schools have been in contention, each claiming the priority, each deriding its rivals, each purporting to hold the true secret of the art. And not only have the schools differed, but the ages also, and generation by generation we have remodelled our standard to fit our own mutable tastes. The method of the Elizabethans was peculiar to themselves, and is now voted monstrous in view of its haphazard construction; the dramatists of the Restoration fell away from those founders of the drama, vaunting ideals and theories of their own, and these too have become intolerable; while for the sentimental play of the "Sturm and Drang" period we have the scantiest mercy. But if there be no one definition of the drama, there should be unanimity upon the methods, though the quality of a particular execution were entirely open to argument, seeing it is so much a matter of private taste. It is in our own day that we have come to be most litigious upon the point, and dispute most severely as to the legitimacy of certain constructions, certain episodes, certain schemes, certain analyses. So that for one to come new to the topic would be for him to believe that we alone have the art upon formula; that

Shakespeare and Congreve and the rest were but amateurs who hit upon an invention, since perfected in our hands; that the critics of former days were in error to pass the ineffectual arrangements of Hamlet; that the critics of to-day compose a tribunal from which is no appeal. Yet he were unwise to take these views without diligent investigation of all claims; and the inquiry would seem facile after all. The root of the matter is quite close, calling for but a little thought. It needs but to be rid of the conventions of this day, and all days, and go direct to the reason of this thing, the drama. Like the novel, with which (we may say) it was twin-born, though the one has turned supplanter, the drama derives from the desire of man to witness the fortunes and emotions of his kind within a convenient compass. And in this phrase you will find compact the whole of its limitations and its virtues, the whole of its interests and its conventions. For at the outset it is obvious that the attention of the race will not be given to a tedious display of the small changes which protrude by the score into its own daily life. These are in such continuous neighborhood that you need not go to the theatre or the bookstall to witness them: they are of a distressing proximity to your own manifest destiny. Life is, at the worst, tedious, as Mr. Howells and his fellows seem not yet to have realized; the common experience loses by the constant reimpres-  
sion. Hence for your novel or your play you must select to interest your world; and here is the first of our besetting conventions. It is these conventions have made this mischievous mystery of the drama, and in a less degree of the novel. For the novel itself is subject to fewer laws than its sister-art, and that for a plain reason—the compass is larger. Both the novel and the play are the expression of life, of interesting life; but the scope of the one is vaster than of the other. The novel calls for a subtler and more various mind, offers greater chances, uses fuller freedom; the play is of its own nature within cleaner limits, conciser, briefer, more continent. Where the novelist may let drop his curtain and exhibit you his interior regard of his own characters, the dramatist must keep behind the scenes. He must set his creatures to talk and act and feel, and by their behavior in this they must relate his tale, must show their own motives, display their own passions, and (if he will have it so) propound his view of humanity. The novelist

may do all this for himself. He may interrupt his action, may diffuse his interest, may utter his own asides. In the drama is no room for parentheses; the time is too short by reason of the weary flesh. If the tale be not brought speedily to an end the audience will go off to its afternoon tea or to its supper. You must compress your action into three short hours if you would be a playwright; you have three volumes —nay, and twelve months in the magazines—if you are for the making of novels. So that by this strict and inevitable convention the drama is under firmer laws than the novel. It would appear, then, that it is this, and but this, convention should bind the drama; provided the issues that flow logically from this be observed, there need be no other to hamper the dramatist. The play, we may define, is the novel in action, reduced to convenience by concentration, and for its virtue leaning, like the novel, upon its portrayal of emotion and its interesting environment of character. The asides of the novelist are either "cut" or converted into stage directions. It follows, then, that the dramatic unities may go hang, provided we shall have unity of interest; then those unintelligible conventions, the stock in trade of the old stage hand, may perish also: your curtains and your entrances, your "feeding" for your heroes, your economy of characters—in fine, the vast stage flummery of the day. There is nothing in the law to forbid you from crowding your bill with names, if only you have a new emotion to tell and fine characters to tell it; for the rest, it is a question for the manager's pocket. There is nothing in the law against your distribution of the action through a lifetime, if only there be interest in your tale and in the characters that make it. There is nothing to keep you from the homeliest incidents, should your disposition of them and their agents be engrossing to the discreet. All these conventions, in sooth, are the arbitrary manufacture of an unintelligent profession and a dullard public. They have come to us bit by bit, from this year and from that, from that fad and from this. They are here to-day, but they were not yesterday, and they will be gone to-morrow. The conventions of the stage are the conventions of the age, outside the single convention aforesaid; the drama is far simpler than they would have us believe; it is only a cunning fear of the popular ignorance (and therewith, perhaps, the cerebral stupor of

the middleman or manager) that keeps us from a general revolution. Had we with us a playwright duly bold and able, he would put aside these bonds and declare for freedom, and would place all these distressing conventions in their proper place—with the tragedian's strut, the comedian's short stature, the villain's cigarette, and all the weak mandates of an ill-informed public taste.

**Reforming the Stage....Wm. Dean Howells...Harper's Magazine**

It is interestingly noticeable that of late the moment news-stand literature has begun to topple on the edge of the pit, the drama has been trying to climb out of it. The theatre is still very coarse, very shameless, but we think it has really some impulses to purge and live cleanly, which ought to be encouraged by all who know its vast influence. As we have often said, it addresses the weaker intelligences, and not the cultivated, except on rare occasions. But apparently the news-stand also addresses the weaker intelligences, and the acted fiction has been growing morally better, while the printed fiction has been growing morally worse, till now there is much less to choose between them than there once was. This nascent reform of the stage (if it is not too hopeful to call it so) began, we think, when our playwrights turned to real life with a tentative question whether there might not be something there that was worth the attention of the drama. It began, as we pointed out several years ago, to the high disdain and the hysterical displeasure of critics who are just now beginning to recognize the fact with all the zest of discoverers, in the work of Mr. Denman Thompson, who put the rustic Yankee of the fields in the place of the rustic Yankee of the coulisses on the stage; in the work of Mr. Edward Harrigan, who gave us New York low life (it may be really higher, of course, than the life of people who do not work for their living; but we have to use the conventional terms) that we knew; in the excellent but more literary work of Mr. Bronson Howard; in the simplest sketches of the variety actors who studied their types from nature; and, further back yet, in the negro minstrelsy, which is our sole indigenous drama. It has gone on, through the work of the schools each of the gentlemen named has founded, until now there is a considerable range of fairly amusing plays of American authorship which may be seen without

shame or too great loss of self-respect. They have their defects—we always say that; they are still primitive; they are none of them masterpieces; but remembering what went before them and passed for dramas, they are surprisingly good, and they all have moments of satisfying felicity. We ought to include in our praise of them another drama of American make which is very right in one direction, and is to be honored for the courage with which it holds it. The authorship of Beau Brummel has been the subject of some unseemly dispute, and so we will not call it Mr. Clyde Fitch's play, though we think Mr. Fitch bore himself with the greater gentleness and dignity in the controversy; but whether it is Mr. Fitch's, or whether it is Mr. Mansfield's, we feel quite sure it has not a moment of nature in it. From first to last the feeling is as maudlin as the history is false, and the art is obvious and hackneyed. It always crowds the theatres with those weaker intelligences who mostly resort there, and with the gentilities, who like to see lords and ladies on the stage, and princes of the blood. It is ill acted, except for Mr. Mansfield's carefully architected performance; the lords and ladies are not gentlemen and gentlewomen; the prince is portrayed in a manner to make every one but the gentilities bless God that he was born a republican; and yet the play has a great and saving virtue: it has quiet. This quiet is the one true touch in it; and it is so true that it imparts a color of veracity to the whole, which the spectator has to look at twice to find a reflected light. It teaches in unanswerable terms that the strongest emotions may be expressed without the least noise, and that the lover of the drama may be made to understand the purport of a play without being hit on the head; and all this in spite of the purely counterfeit character of the particular transaction. The strong emotions of Beau Brummel are bogus, or rather they spring from sources of unreality that invalidate them; but they are a good imitation, and the important fact is that the perfect quiet of the action conveys them. Of course it is a one-man piece, and Mr. Mansfield pervades and dominates every part of it. The conception of it is arch-romantical, but the execution is as realistic as possible, and this constitutes its strength. Otherwise it is as flabby and formless as a jelly-fish cast up on the sand. The fact is, the two kinds do not mingle well, but for a while yet we must have the romantic

and the realistic mixed in the theatre. That is quite inevitable; and it is strictly in accordance with the law of evolution. The stage, in working free of romanticism, must carry some rags and tags of it forward in the true way; that has been the case always in the rise from a higher to a lower form; the man on a trapeze recalls the ancestral monkey who swung by his tail from the forest tree; and the realist cannot all at once forget the romanticist. Perhaps not till the next generation shall we have the very realist; which puzzles the groundlings, romantically expectant of miracles that shall clear away all trace of romanticism in an instant. At any rate the stage has not yet got beyond its past.

**Attraction of the Stage....Clara Morris....North American Review**

The question oftenest asked is: "What attraction has the stage for its followers, that they are so devoted to it?" Yes, we are devoted to it. We respect its antiquity; we admire the position it has gained in the world of art; we are grateful to it for our daily bread. One of its attractions is that it may prove a short cut to popularity. Then, people of other callings transact their business amid more or less dull surroundings and turn to their homes for that which the actor finds at the theatre alone, namely, light, warmth, music, sociability. For my part, I do not believe in a "mute, inglorious Milton." I think that all power demands expression, and the employment of power is a delight. The actor who succeeds feels he pleases his public, and therein finds his own pleasure. When triumph comes to him, it is in so delightful a guise he cannot help being moved by it. When an author places his book before the public, he must wait; he learns gradually of his success. Not so the actor. His work receives instant recognition in swift, soul-satisfying applause; and what a delicious draught it is! It produces a sort of divine intoxication, that, having once experienced, one longs to repeat. It is curious how a performer and an audience act and react upon one another. Sometimes an actor begins his work in the highest spirits, and the coldness, the unresponsiveness, of the audience completely crush him. He feels thrown back upon himself, and for the rest of the play, however painstaking he may be, he will lack naturalness and spirit. Again, an actor goes to his task in sickness, trouble, or sorrow, or quite unfit for his work, but his audience gives

him a warm greeting; his heart responds instantly, his spirits rise, he decides he must do his best to please people; so in trying to divert them he diverts himself, and all goes well.

**Illusions of the Stage....Franklin Fyles....N. Y. Sunday Sun**

A discussion at the Players' Club the other night turned upon the illusions of the stage, or, rather, the identity of the man who reformed them. Somebody was inquisitive enough to look up the rather interesting subject, and he was rewarded for his research. Garrick's Alsatian scene painter, Philip James de Loutherbourg, a man of genius in his way, seems to have been the earliest—he certainly was the most eminent—innovator and reformer in the matter of theatrical decoration. Before he began to enhance the stage illusions of his day, the scenes had been merely strained "flats" of canvas extending the whole breadth and height of the stage. De Loutherbourg was the first to introduce set scenes and what are technically called "raking" pieces. He invented transparent scenes, with representations of moonlight, rising and setting suns, fires, volcanoes, etc., and contrived effects of color by means of silk screens of various hues placed before the footlights and sidelights. He was also the first to represent a mist by suspending a gauze between the scene and the spectator—an illusion, by the way, that has to this day been valuable in spectacles of all sorts. But De Loutherbourg's crowning work was a dioramic exhibition of a storm at sea, with the wreck of an East Indiaman. No pains were spared to picture the tempest and its most striking effects. The clouds were movable, painted upon a canvas of vast size, and rising diagonally by means of a winding-machine. The artist excelled in his treatment of clouds, and by regulating the action of his windlass he could direct their movements, now permitting them to rise slowly from the horizon and sail obliquely across the heavens, and now driving them swiftly along according to their supposed density and the power ascribed to the wind. The lightning quivered through transparent places in the sky. The waves, carved in soft wood from models made in clay, colored with great skill, and highly varnished to reflect the lightning, rose and fell with irregular action, flinging the foam now here, now there, diminishing in size and dimming in color as they receded from the spectator. These contrivances of De Loutherbourg may now

seem to be of rather commonplace description—they have figured so frequently and in such amplified and amended form upon the newer stage; but they were then distinct innovations due to a curiously and creditably inventive genius.

**Books about the Theatre....Brander Matthews....The Cosmopolitan**

In the department of the drama, the most of the journalistic writing—honest enough, no doubt—is hasty and ill-informed; in the newspapers it is likely to be at once flippant and dogmatic; and in books it is only too often cheap and catch-penny, intended to cater to some supposed taste of the public for information about the players and the playmakers. Things are no worse in the dramatic department of a library than they are in the musical; and probably the state of affairs is just as sad in the alcoves devoted to painting and to sculpture and to architecture. Things are no worse now than in the past. The books about the theatre and its arts which are of real value to the student of the stage, and which will help him to understand the mechanics of play-making or to apprehend the mysteries of play-acting, are very few indeed. If I were asked to draw up a list I should not find it easy to set down a score of titles—if I were forced to confine myself to the English language. There is the vivacious and instructive *Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber*; there is Doctor Doran's pleasantly written *Annals of the English Stage*; there are George Henry Lewes's invaluable and most suggestive essays on *Actors and Acting*: these are all British. And we have in America Dunlap's *History of the American Theatre*, Mr. Ireland's most useful *Records of the New York Stage*, Mr. Winter's excellent biography of the *Jeffersons*, and Mr. Joseph Jefferson's recent delightful *Autobiography*. One excellent book is Mr. Laurence Hutton's *Curiosities of the American Stage*. It is the work of a writer excellently equipped for his labors, knowing at once the American stage and the English language. It is fifteen years or more since he gathered into a volume the pleasant papers on *Plays and Players* which he had been contributing to a New York newspaper under the appropriate signature of *A Young Veteran*. Since then he has edited most skilfully the *American Actor Series*, and he did at least half the onerous work of preparing for the press the five volumes of *Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States*. Space

fails me here for a full consideration of the many interesting facts and theories we find set forth in the six essays devoted to the American play, in which Mr. Hutton discusses in turn the Indian drama, the revolutionary and war drama, the frontier drama, the stage American in the character play, the New York local drama, and the so-called "society play." If there had but been a further essay on American tragedy—more abundant than the ignorant suppose—we should have here almost a full history of American dramatic literature; and as it is, this is the only book in which this subject has ever been considered with any proper consciousness of its importance. To me the most amusing chapter of the Curiosities of the American Stage is the essay devoted to the stage negro. Mr. Hutton deplores the absence of "a complete and satisfactory history of negro minstrelsy," but he has here done much to fill the void, a task the more worthy of praise if we accept his assertion that negro minstrelsy "is the only branch of the dramatic art, if properly it can claim to be an art at all, which has had its origin in this country, while the melody it has inspired is certainly our only approach to a national music." Mr. Hutton's account of the growth and decadence of this strange dramatic form is abundant and accurate; and it contains many an amusing anecdote and many an apt quotation. Few readers will not be surprised to learn that among those who have "blacked up" for the stage are Edwin Forrest, John B. Gough, Mr. Edwin Booth, Mr. Lawrence Barrett, and Mr. Joseph Jefferson! Mr. Hutton gives due meed of praise to the composer of *The Old Folks at Home*, Stephen C. Foster; and he quotes from Thackeray a few lines which were called forth, it may be, by that same song. "I heard a humorous balladist, not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that I confess moistened these spectacles in a most unexpected manner. I have gazed at thousands of tragedy queens dying on the stage and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, be it said, at scores of clergymen without being dimmed, and, behold, a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note, which sets the heart thrilling with happy pity."

## FIGHT OF JOVIAL AND DEATH\*

*Famous Chapters from Famous Books*

Morok had prepared himself. Over his deerskin vest he had drawn the coat of mail—that steel tissue, as pliable as cloth, as hard as diamonds; next, clothing his arms and legs in their proper armor and his feet in iron-bound buskins, and concealing all this defensive equipment under loose trousers and an ample pelisse carefully buttoned, he took in his hand a long bar of iron, white-hot, set in a wooden handle.

The prophet, armed with care, descended by the trap door of the loft into the large shed beneath, in which were deposited the cages of his animals. A mere wooden partition separated this shed from the stable.

A lantern, with a reflector, threw a vivid light on the cages. They were four in number. A wide iron grating formed their sides, turning at one end upon hinges like a door, so as to give ingress to the animals; the bottom of each den rested on two axle-trees and four small iron casters, so that they could easily be moved. One of them was empty, the other three contained a panther, a tiger, and a lion.

The panther, originally from Java, seemed to merit the gloomy name of Death, by her grim, ferocious aspect. Completely black, she lay crouching and rolled up in the bottom of her cage, and, her dark hues mingling with the obscurity which surrounded her, nothing was distinctly visible but fixed and glaring eyes—yellow balls of phosphoric light.

The Prophet entered the stable in silence; the dark red of his long pelisse contrasted with the pale yellow of his straight hair and beard; the lantern, placed at some height above the ground, threw its rays full upon this man, and the strong light, opposed to the deep shadows around it, gave effect to the sharp proportions of his bony and savage-looking figure.

He approached the cage slowly. The white rim which encircled his eyeball appeared to dilate, and his look rivalled in motionless brilliancy the steadily sparkling gaze of the panther. Still crouching in the shade, she felt already the

\* From "The Wandering Jew." By Eugene Sue. Morok, the lion-tamer, an emissary of the society of Jesuits, receives secret orders to entrap Dagobert, a soldier, who is travelling to Paris. Morok, who is a dangerous, cunning, and unscrupulous fellow, finding other means fail, plans to have his panther, Death, kill Jovial, the beautiful horse owned by Dagobert.

fascination of that glance; two or three times she dropped her eyelids, with a low, angry howl; then, reopening her eyes, as if in spite of herself, she kept them fastened immovably on those of the Prophet. And now her rounded ears clung to her skull, which was flattened like a viper's; the skin of her forehead became convulsively wrinkled; she drew in her bristling but silky muzzle, and twice silently opened her jaws, garnished with formidable fangs.

The Prophet extended his glowing bar toward the cage, and said in a sharp, imperious tone, "Death! come here!"

The panther rose, but so dragged herself along that her belly and the bend of her legs touched the ground. She was three feet high and nearly five in length; her elastic and fleshy spine, the sinews of her thighs as well developed as those of a race-horse, her deep chest, her enormous jutting shoulders, the nerve and muscle in her short, thick paws—all announced that this terrible animal united vigor with suppleness and strength with agility.

Morok, with his iron wand still extended, made a step toward the panther. The panther made a stride toward the Prophet. Morok stopped; Death stopped also.

At this moment the tiger, Judas, to whom Morok's back was turned, bounded violently in his cage, as if jealous of the attention which his master paid to the panther. He growled hoarsely, and, raising his head, showed the under part of his redoubtable triangular jaw and his broad chest of a dirty white, with which blended the copper-color, streaked with black, of his sides; his tail, like a huge red serpent, with rings of ebony, now clung to his flanks, now lashed them with a slow and continuous movement; his eyes, of a transparent, brilliant green, were fixed upon the Prophet.

Such was the influence of this man over his animals that Judas almost immediately ceased growling, as if frightened at his own temerity; but his respiration continued loud and deep. Morok turned his face toward him, and examined him very attentively during some seconds. The panther, no longer subject to the influence of his master's look, slunk back to crouch in the shade.

A sharp cracking, in sudden breaks, like that which great animals make in gnawing hard substances, was now heard from the cage of the lion. It drew the attention of the Prophet, who, leaving the tiger, advanced to the other den,

Nothing could be seen of the lion but his monstrous croup of a reddish yellow. His thighs were gathered under him, and his thick mane served entirely to conceal his head. But by the tension and movement of the muscles of his loins, and the curving of his backbone, it was easy to perceive that he was making violent efforts with his throat and his fore paws. The prophet approached the cage as he said in a quick and firm voice, "Cain!"

The lion did not change his position.

"Cain! come here!" repeated Morok, in a louder tone. The appeal was useless; the lion did not move.

"Cain! come here!" said the Prophet a third time; but as he pronounced these words he applied the end of the glowing bar to the haunch of the lion.

Scarcely did the light track of smoke appear on the reddish hide of Cain when, with a spring of incredible agility, he turned and threw himself against the grating, not crouching, but at a single bound—upright, superb, terrifying.

"Cain! down!" said the Prophet, approaching briskly.

The lion did not obey immediately. His lips, curling with rage, displayed fangs as long, as large, and as pointed as the tusks of a wild-boar. But Morok touched those lips with the end of the burning metal; and, as he felt the smart, followed by an unexpected summons of his master, the lion, not daring to roar, uttered a hollow growl, and his great body sunk down at once in an attitude of submission and fear.

The Prophet then left the shed, carrying with him a red cloth, and directed his steps toward the stable that contained Jovial. The crazy door, imperfectly secured by a latch, was easily opened. At sight of a stranger Spoilsport threw himself upon him; but his teeth encountered the iron leggings of the Prophet, who, in spite of the efforts of the dog, took Jovial by his halter, threw the blanket over his head to prevent his either seeing or smelling, and led him from the stable into the interior of the menagerie.

Morok led Jovial into the middle of the menagerie and then removed the cloth which prevented him from seeing and smelling. Scarcely had the tiger, lion, and panther caught a glimpse of him than they threw themselves, half-famished, against the bars of their dens.

The horse, struck with stupor, his neck stretched out, his eye fixed, and trembling through all his limbs, appeared as

if nailed to the ground; an abundant icy sweat rolled suddenly down his flanks. The lion and the tiger uttered fearful roarings, and struggled violently in their dens. The panther did not roar, but her mute rage was terrific.

With a tremendous bound, at the risk of breaking her skull, she sprung from the back of the cage against the bars; then, still mute, still furious, she crawled back to the extreme corner of the den, and with a new spring, as impetuous as it was blind, she again strove to force out the iron grating. Three times had she thus bounded—silent, appalling—when the horse, passing from the immobility of stupor to the wild agony of fear, neighed long and loud, and rushed in desperation at the door by which he had entered. Finding it closed he hung his head, bent his knees a little, and rubbed his nostrils against the opening left between the ground and the bottom of the door, as if he wished to inhale the air from the outside; then, more and more affrighted, he began to neigh with redoubled force, and struck out violently with his fore feet.

At the moment when Death was about once more to make her spring, the Prophet approached her cage. The heavy bolt which secured the grating was pushed from its staple by the pike of the brute-tamer, and, in another second, Morok was half way up the ladder that communicated with the loft.

The roaring of the lion and tiger, mingled with the neighing of Jovial, now resounded through all parts of the inn. The panther had again thrown herself furiously on the grating, and, this time yielding with one spring, she was in the middle of the shed.

The light of the lantern was reflected from the glossy ebon of her hide, spotted with stains of a duller black. For an instant she remained motionless, crouching upon her thick-set limbs, with her head close to the floor, as if calculating the distance of the leap by which she was to reach the horse; then suddenly she darted upon him.

On seeing her break from her cage Jovial had thrown himself violently against the door, which was made to open inward, and leaned against it with all his might, as though he would force it down. Then, at the moment when Death took her leap, he reared up in almost an erect position; but she, rapid as lightning, had fastened upon his throat and hung there, while at the same time she buried the sharp claws of

her fore feet in his chest. The jugular vein of the horse opened; a torrent of bright-red blood spouted forth beneath the teeth of the panther, who, now supporting herself on her hind legs, squeezed her victim up against the door while she dug into his flank with her claws and laid bare the palpitating flesh. Then his half-strangled neighing became awful.

Suddenly these words resounded: "Courage, Jovial! I am at hand! Courage!"

It was the voice of Dagobert, who was exhausting himself in desperate exertions to force open the door. "Jovial!" cried the soldier, "I am here. Help! help!"

At the sound of that friendly and well-known voice, the poor animal, almost at its last gasp, strove to turn its head in the direction whence came the accents of his master, answered him with a plaintive neigh, and, sinking beneath the efforts of the panther, fell prostrate, first on its knees, then upon its flank, so that its backbone lay right across the door, and still prevented its being opened. And now all was finished. The panther, squatting down upon the horse, crushed him with all her paws, and, in spite of some last faint kicks, buried her bloody snout in his body.

"Help! help! my horse!" cried Dagobert, as he vainly shook the door. "And no arms! no arms!"

"Take care!" exclaimed the brute-tamer, who appeared at the window of the loft; "do not attempt to enter—it might cost you your life. My panther is furious."

"But my horse! my horse!" cried Dagobert.

"He must have strayed from his stable during the night, and pushed open the door of the shed. At sight of him the panther must have broken out of her cage and seized him. You are answerable for all the mischief that may ensue," added the brute-tamer, with a menacing air; "for I shall run the greatest danger to make Death return to her den."

"But my horse! only save my horse!" cried Dagobert, in a tone of hopeless supplication.

The Prophet disappeared from the window.

The roaring of the animals and the shouts of Dagobert had roused from sleep every one in the White Falcon. Here and there lights were seen moving and windows were thrown open hurriedly. The servants of the inn soon appeared in the yard, with lanterns, and, surrounding Dagobert, inquired of him what had happened.

"My horse is there," cried the soldier, "and one of that scoundrel's animals has escaped from its cage."

At these words the people of the inn, already terrified by the frightful roaring, fled from the spot and ran to inform the host. The soldier's anguish may be conceived, as pale, breathless, with his ear close to the chink of the door, he stood listening. By degrees the roaring had ceased, and nothing was heard but low growls, accompanied by the stern voice of the Prophet, repeating in harsh, abrupt accents, "Death! come here! Death!"

The soldier still listened attentively. Suddenly a ferocious roar was heard, followed by a loud scream from the Prophet; and then the panther howled piteously.

Dagobert was about to call out, when the door opened and Goliath appeared on the threshold.

"You may enter now," said he; "the danger is over."

The interior of the menagerie presented a singular spectacle. The Prophet, pale, and scarcely able to conceal his agitation beneath an apparent air of calmness, was kneeling some paces from the cage of the panther, in the attitude of one absorbed in himself, the motion of his lips indicating that he was praying. At sight of the host and the people of the inn he rose, and said in a solemn voice, "I thank thee, my Preserver, that I have been able to conquer, by the strength which thou hast given me."

Then, folding his arms, with haughty brow and imperious glance, he seemed to enjoy the triumph he had achieved over Death, who, stretched on the bottom of her den, continued to utter plaintive howlings. A few steps behind him stood Goliath, leaning upon the ashen pikestaff. Finally, in a pool of blood, lay the dead body of Jovial.

At sight of the blood-stained and torn remains Dagobert stood motionless, and his rough countenance assumed an expression of the deepest grief; then, throwing himself on his knees, he lifted the head of Jovial; and when he saw those dull, glassy, and half-closed eyes, once so bright and intelligent as they turned toward a much-loved master, the soldier could not suppress an exclamation of bitter anguish. His poignant emotion was so cruelly, so affectingly visible in the soldier's countenance that the landlord and his people felt themselves touched with pity as they gazed on the tall veteran kneeling beside his dead horse.

## THE SONNET: LIGHT AND SHADE

**Echo and Silence....Sir Egerton Brydges....Poems**

In eddying course, when leaves began to fly  
 And autumn in her lap the store to strew,  
 As 'mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,  
 Through glens untrod and woods that frown'd on high,  
 Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy!  
 And, lo, she's gone! In robe of dark green hue  
 'Twas Echo from her sister, Silence, flew,  
 For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!  
 In shade affrighted Silence melts away.  
 Not so her sister.—Hark! for onward still,  
 With far heard step, she takes her listening way,  
 Bounding from rock to rock and hill to hill.  
 Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play,  
 With thousand mimic tones that laughing forest fill!

**Liscannor Bay....E. G. A. Holmes....Sonnets of the Sea**

Two walls of precipices black and steep,  
 The storm-lashed ramparts of a naked land,  
 Are parted here by leagues of lonely sand  
 That make a bay; and up it ever creep  
 Billowy ocean-ripples, half asleep,  
 That cast a belt of foam along the strand,  
 Seething and white, and wake in cadence grand  
 The everlasting thunder of the deep.  
 And there is never silence on that shore;  
 Alike in storm and calm, foam-fringes gird  
 Its desolation and the Atlantic's roar  
 Makes mighty music. Though the sea be stirred  
 By scarce a breath of breeze, yet evermore  
 The sands are whitened and the thunder heard.

**In Absence....Archibald Lampman....Scribner's Magazine**

My love is far away from me to-night.  
 O spirits of sweet peace, kind destinies,  
 Watch over her and breathe upon her eyes;  
 Keep near to her in every hurt's despite,  
 That no rude care or noisome dream affright.  
 So let her rest, so let her sink to sleep,

As little clouds that breast the sunset steep  
Merge and melt out into the golden light.  
My love is far away, and I am grown  
    A very child, oppressed with formless glooms.  
Some shadowy sadness with a name unknown  
    Haunts the chill twilight; and these silent rooms  
Seem with vague fears and dim regrets astir,  
Lonesome and strange and empty without her.

**Pomona....Clinton Scollard....Representative Sonnets**

At noon of night the goddess, silver-stoled,  
    Came with light foot across the moonlit land,  
    And breezes soft as blow o'er Samarcand  
Stirred her free hair, that glinted like clear gold;  
Sweet were her smiling lips, as when of old  
    Vertumnus wooed her on the grassy strand  
    Of some swift Tuscan river, overspanned  
By sunny skies that knew no breath of cold.  
So when the door of dawn grew aureate,  
    And broken was the dim night's peaceful hush  
    By harvesters uprisen to greet the morn,  
They knew Pomona had passed by in state,  
    For on the apples was a rosier blush  
    And on the grapes a richer lustre born.

**The Mirage in Egypt....Theodore Watts....Black and White**

Beneath the sandstorm, John the Pilgrim prays;  
    But when he rises, lo! an Eden smiles,  
    Green cedarn slopes, meadows of camomiles,  
Claspt in a silvery river's winding maze.  
“Water, water! Blessed be God!” he says,  
    And totters gasping toward those happy isles.  
    Then all is fled! Over the sandy piles  
The bald-eyed vultures come and stand and gaze.  
“God heard me not,” says he; “blessed be God,”  
    And dies. But as he nears the Pearly Strand,  
    Heav’n’s outer coast where waiting angels stand,  
He looks below. “Farewell, thou hooded clod,  
    Brown corpse the vultures tear on bloody sand,  
God heard my prayer for life—blessed be God!”

## HISTORICAL, STATISTICAL, GENERAL

**The Monarch of All the Suns....Garrett P. Serviss....New York Sun**

Mr. Garrett P. Serviss is one of the few newspaper men qualified to supply us with news about other worlds than this. With a view to getting some plain information on a far-away but very interesting subject, a good many questions were put to Mr. Serviss the other day. "What do you think is the most interesting thing in astronomy?" was the starting one. "I should say," he answered, "that it was the recent discoveries in regard to the tremendous size of some of the other suns in space. Take the star Arcturus. Dr. Elkin has made a measurement of its distance from the earth, and if he has made no mistake it is no less than 11,500,000 times as far away from us as the sun is. You know that the light of a star or of the sun varies inversely as the square of the distance. If the sun were twice as far away as it now is we should get one-quarter as much light from it. Careful comparisons have shown that Arcturus actually sends to the earth about one-twenty-billionth as much light as the sun itself, but if the sun were removed 140,000 times as far as it now is, it would shine as a star no brighter than Arcturus. Yet Arcturus is 11,500,000 times as far away as the sun. Dividing that by 140,000 we get the number 82, which may be taken as a measure of the diameter of Arcturus, as compared with the diameter of the sun. The sun's diameter is 866,000 miles, and, therefore, the diameter of Arcturus must be about 71,000,000 miles, and its circumference 224,000,000 miles! In bulk it is 551,000 times as great as the sun! Arcturus, having 82 times the diameter of the sun, must shine, if every point on it is as bright as a corresponding point on the sun, 6,724 times as brilliantly as the sun does, because the surfaces of spheres vary as the squares of their diameter. Such a globe as near to us as our sun is would fill half the sky, but we could never exist in such proximity to so tremendous a sun as that. If the earth could be moved through space toward Arcturus, or if it could fall to Arcturus, as it would probably do but for the protecting arm that is extended by our own sun at close quarters, the spectacle that would be presented to its inhabitants as they approached that great star would be of indescribable magni-

cence. When we had arrived within something less than 8,000,000,000 miles of Arcturus its light and heat would be equal to that which we get from our sun at a distance of only 93,000,000 miles. When we got as close to it as the distance of Neptune from the sun the gush of its heat would begin to be unbearable: at the distance of Jupiter from the sun it would smite the earth with the resistless energy of its radiation. The forests would burn, the oceans would rise from their beds in vapor, the very ground would smoke, and before we could approach as close as the earth is to the sun the whole globe would have been melted, if not dissipated in vapor. Arcturus is truly king among stars, and our sun, great and brilliant as it is, if dropped into the blazing photosphere of Arcturus, would be instantly swallowed up and the only visible evidence of its fate would be a sudden flash, and then, perhaps, a quickly vanishing blot on the brilliant surface of the great star where the downrush of the doomed sun had swept in a breath of cooler vapor from above. But it is worth while stopping a moment to consider the effects of the gigantic attraction of such a body as Arcturus. On the sun the force of gravity is twenty-seven times as great as on the surface of the earth, but on Arcturus, supposing the same mean density, it would be 2,200 times as great, so that a man weighing 200 pounds transported to Arcturus would be crushed under his own weight of 440,000 pounds into a flat speck of protoplasmic nonentity almost before the fierce fires of that mighty solar furnace could lick him up and transform him into a sunbeam." "What sort of people would be found walking around Arcturus? Rather large, aren't they?" "If we suppose that Arcturus could be an inhabited world, it is natural to speculate on the tremendous size of its inhabitants. Voltaire, in his 'Micromegas,' tells a story of an inhabitant of a planet belonging to Sirius, or the Dog Star, who was so large that when he visited the earth he was able to wade through its oceans without wetting his ankles, but the astronomers have shown that the probability as to the size of the inhabitants of these great orbs is just the other way, that because they are large their gravitation must be so great that their inhabitants, instead of being proportionately large, would be exceedingly small. If, however, we suppose that the size of an inhabitant of Arcturus should correspond with that of the globe upon which he dwells, he would be upward

of ten miles tall, and if he were, on the other hand, small in proportion to the size of that globe—and the general opinion of astronomers is that he would be small rather than large—then he would be only eight-one-thousandths of an inch tall. But, unless we are to agree with Herschel, who thought that even the sun might have living inhabitants under the crust of blazing clouds by which it is surrounded, we must assume that it would not be possible for any living being to dwell upon the star Arcturus." "Doesn't Arcturus have a great many planets to which ours is a very small affair?" "Arcturus may have a great family of planets proportioned in size to the tremendous size of the star itself. If that gigantic sun has its planets on the same proportionate scale as our solar system, then a planet belonging to Arcturus and corresponding in comparative size and place to the earth would be 656,000 miles in diameter and 2,000,000 miles around, or half as large as the sun itself, but its distance from Arcturus would be enormous as compared with the distance of the earth from the sun. A planet corresponding to Jupiter would be more than 7,000,000 miles in diameter, and over 22,000,000 in circumference. Think how very small its inhabitants would have to be in order to stand up under the face of its gravitation." "But we would rather think of the natives of Arcturus's planets as being very large." "Well, although all the scientific probabilities are in favor of their being small in proportion as their worlds are large, yet it is impossible for us to say that nature may not have provided in such cases for the existence of a people proportioned for the size of the globes on which they dwell. Little microscopic creatures, a few hundredths of an inch in height, would scarcely be suited to the conquest and development of mighty worlds as large as or larger than our sun itself, that's a fact. Let us suppose then, as being more accordant with our own ideas of the fitness of things, that the inhabitants of these big planets bear some proportion to the globes which are their homes. It does not follow that they should walk upon two legs and move about perpendicularly as the inhabitants of the world do. Nature could readily provide for the introduction of intelligence, the comprehension of wit and humor among creatures having no legs at all and crawling on the face of their planets as Dr. Whewell imagined that the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter might do." "Athletic sports must be carried

on under peculiar circumstances up there; don't you think so?" "Yes, I should think so. Imagine what a sensation a ten-mile-tall Arcturian, who was, for instance, the pitcher of a baseball team, would make if he could drop down upon the earth. The slight force of gravity on the earth would make him feel as if he could jump over the moon, because ninety-nine one-hundredths, to speak within reasonable bounds, of his weight would fall away from him like magic as soon as he placed his foot on our little earth. One of his curves would sweep Father Anson over the centre-field fence into the infinite beyond before he could shout, 'Play ball!' There would be no limit to the feats of strength that such a fellow would be able to perform when freed from the thrall-dom of the attraction of his own planet." "What sort of atmosphere do you think the Arcturians breathe?" "A variation in the atmosphere of these planets might lead to a wonderful variety in the workings and forms of life upon them. It won't do for us to assume that our atmosphere of oxygen and hydrogen is the only one capable of supporting life. There might be a thousand forms of vegetation more wonderful, more beautiful than anything existing on the earth. The peculiar color of the light of Arcturus and of some of the other stars is in itself an indication that there must be a great variety in the forms and conditions of life existing within their rays. That has always been a point of disagreement between those who have speculated on one side or the other upon the question of life in other worlds. Some insist that there can be no intelligent life except in bodies like those of man, but the broader view and the one that seems to me far more probable and reasonable is that there can no more be a limit to the forms and constitution of the bodies in which life may be contained than there is a limit to the number and variety of the heavenly orbs themselves. At the same time it is difficult to conceive any expression of intelligence that would vary very much from the intellectual life of man. We can readily imagine that the inhabitants of the planets of Arcturus might possess a breadth of intellect, a brilliance of imagination, in proportion to their own stature, so that their achievements in many respects might be as far more wonderful than anything we are able to do as the sun is a more wonderful body than our own dependent globe. This may even apply to their literature, to their newspapers.

Imagine a newspaper published in the rays of Arcturus covering a whole acre with a single sheet and, scintillating with outbursts of wit and brilliant touches of description that would outshine anything that we are capable of doing as much as Arcturus would outshine the sun if the latter could be placed beside it. But there is no end to speculations of this kind. You know that in recent years astronomers have been able to place the different stars into ranks or orders according to their spectroscopic composition. Our sun belongs to a certain order, the Dog Star to another, and Arcturus to still a third. But there is also a progression from one order to another. We cannot assume that the sun has always been and will always remain as we now see it. It will get either hotter or colder, we cannot as yet tell which. The probability is that it will get hotter. Sirius, the Dog Star, is hotter than the sun, because it is not surrounded as the sun is with a dense envelope of absorbing vapors, which consist probably of iron and other metals reduced by the tremendous heat there to the condition of gas or vapor. Arcturus, on the other hand, has a denser and deeper cloud of these vapors surrounding it than is the case with the sun. At the same time there are indications of an intense heat glowing beneath these vapors, so that if it is true that the progress of suns is from a colder to a hotter condition, it is likely that Arcturus will gradually get rid of these vapors, which now partially obscure its light, and glow with the intensity of Sirius. There is some historical evidence to show that Sirius used to be a red star, just as Arcturus is now, but that gradually it has changed color, becoming a pure white star, and in changing color the intensity of its light has increased." "Does Arcturus appear to be getting whiter or hotter?" "It has seemed to me for some years that Arcturus was getting whiter. Possibly this is not so, but there is nothing in the history of the stars to lead us to suppose that it is impossible. Perhaps in the course of a few centuries Arcturus may change color, may get rid of some portion of its envelope through processes unknown to us, and then blaze out with redoubled brilliance." "Would not that make it unpleasant for the inhabitants of the planets of Arcturus, to say nothing of those of Arcturus itself?" "The effect upon the inhabitants of the gigantic planets which we have supposed revolving around that star would undoubtedly be disastrous, just as the effect

of a sudden withdrawal of the vaporous envelope surrounding our sun would result in destroying life upon the earth. It is these changes which are continually going on among the stars and which show that there is a progress of the suns in which no attention is paid to the exigencies of life upon the planets revolving around them, that give the greatest interest to the study of astronomy in our day."

**Bacteria....Appearance and Growth....T. M. Prudden....Harper's**

Our systematic knowledge of the bacteria is still so meagre, so many species and doubtless so many families of them have never yet come into the range of human vision, and our glimpses of their life powers have been so fragmentary, that as yet we can only try to bring a little temporary order out of the chaos by grouping them according to their shapes. We find, when we muster all the forms which have as yet been seen, that they all fall into one of three classes: spheroidal, rod-like, or spiral. Further subdivisions of these classes have been made, and generic and specific names attached to many hundreds of forms; but over these details we need not linger now. How they look and what they do is here of more importance than what we call them. Although with the ordinary microscopic powers the bacteria look like little balls or straight or spiral rods, we find, when we use the most powerful and perfect lenses, that they consist of a minute mass of granular protoplasm surrounded by a thin, structureless membrane. When we put them under favorable conditions for growth, and give them food enough, they may be seen to divide across the middle, each portion soon becoming larger and again dividing, so that it has been calculated that a single germ, if kept under favorable conditions, might at the end of two days have added to the number of the world's living beings 281,500,000,000 new individual bacteria. In fact, if this sort of thing went on for a few weeks unhindered there would be very little room left on the earth's surface for any other forms of life, and pretty much all the carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen which is available for life purposes in the world would be used up. There would be a corner in life stuff, and even the master, man, would be forced to the wall, and become the victim of his insatiable fellow-worlder, the bacterium. But, as it happens, this sort of thing does not go on; the food grows

scanty; or the temperature becomes unfavorable; or the sun shines hot—and the sun is a sore enemy of your growing bacterium; or, as it grows and feeds, the germ gives off various chemical substances which often soon poison itself, or its fellows, or both together. So the proportion is preserved by such a fine balance of the natural forces that the bacteria in the long run are held closely within bounds the world over.

**The King's Spices....Dr. E. A. Beal....Foods and Beverages**

The most common and widely used of all spices is pepper. It is a native of the East Indies, but is now cultivated in various parts of the tropical belt of this hemisphere. The plant is a climber, and has a smooth stem sometimes twelve feet long. The fruit is about the size of a pea, and when ripe is of a bright red color. In cultivation the plant is supported by poles. In some localities small trees are used instead of poles, for the best pepper is grown in a certain degree of shade. The plant is propagated by cuttings, comes into bearing three or four years after it is set, and yields two crops annually for about twelve years. When a few of the berries change from green to red all of them are gathered, because if they were allowed to ripen any longer they would be less pungent. To fit them for market they are dried, separated by rubbing with the hands, and cleaned by winnowing. The black pepper of commerce consists of the berries thus prepared. Pepper was known to the ancients. In the Middle Ages it was one of the most costly of spices, a pound of it being a royal present. The nutmeg is the kernel of the fruit of several species of trees growing wild in Asia, Africa, and America. The cultivated nutmeg-tree is from fifty to seventy feet high and produces fruit for sixty years. The fruit is of the size and appearance of a roundish pear, yellow in color. The fleshy part of the fruit is rather hard and resembles candied citron. Within is the nut, enveloped in the curious yellowish-red aril known to us as mace. Up to 1796 the Dutch, being in possession of the islands producing the only valuable variety of the nutmeg, jealously tried to prevent the carrying of the tree or a living seed of it into any territory independent of Dutch rule. No one but a citizen of the Netherlands, officially licensed, could own a nutmeg plantation. But this contemptible policy could not long be enforced against the interests of commerce. The

tree is now cultivated in India, Jamaica, Trinidad, and Brazil. The nutmeg is liable to the attacks of a kind of beetle; hence a coating of lime is generally given to the nut, to protect it from the ravages of the insect. The tree bears fruit the whole year round, but the chief harvest-time comes in November. The Banda Isles are almost covered with nutmeg-trees. To prepare the seeds for use they are dried in a moderate heat for about two months. Then the shells are broken and the nutmegs are picked out and assorted, the inferior ones being reserved for the oil-press. As the essential oil of nutmeg brings a high price, dishonest growers often steep the nutmegs in hot water to extract the oil from them. They are then coated with lime and sent into the channels of commerce. Such nutmegs are worthless; their aroma and pungency have disappeared, these qualities being due exclusively to the oil. If on inserting a pin no oil rushes to the surface, the nutmeg is merely a wooden nutmeg. We consume more nutmegs than all the other nations of the world combined. There are two varieties of mustard—black and white. Black mustard is the most valuable for commercial purposes. Its seeds are very minute, weighing not more than one-fiftieth of a grain each. Its peculiar pungent taste is caused by an essential oil. This oil can, like fruit-flavors, be exactly imitated by the chemists. Both as a table condiment and as a medicine, mustard has been known from a very remote period. As now found in our grocery stores, this spice consists of white and black mustard-seeds, mixed and ground fine. The white mustard keeps better than the black variety and is not so bitter. A good deal of the mustard sold is adulterated, sometimes with wheat flour, but more often with turmeric, the pulverized root of a common East Indian plant. In many instances flavorers are prepared by distilling fruits, seeds, barks, and leaves—the fragrant essential oils being drawn out and condensed. These oils, dissolved in spirits of wine, constitute the extracts, or flavoring essences, so much used in cookery. Familiar examples are the essential oils of orange and lemon. In these fruits the oils are found in the rind, and can be removed by pressure as well as by distillation. The peel, often used fresh for flavoring, may be preserved fragrant by careful drying. Compound ethers are also now quite often employed as flavoring substances.

## TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES

The Heritage....James Russell Lowell....Poems

The rich man's son inherits lands,  
And miles of brick and stone and gold,  
And he inherits soft, white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:  
A bank may break, the factory burn,  
A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft, white hands could hardly earn  
A living that would serve his turn;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,  
His stomach craves for dainty fare;  
With sated heart he hears the pants  
Of toiling hands with brown arms bare,  
And wearies in his easy chair;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit,  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?  
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,  
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit  
Content that from employment springs,  
A heart that in its labor sings;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?

A patience learned of being poor;  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil  
That with all others level stands;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whiten, soft, white hands—  
This is the best crop from thy lands;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;  
There is worse weariness than thine,  
In merely being rich and great;  
Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,  
Are equal in the earth at last;  
Both, children of the same dear God,  
Prove title to your heirship vast  
By record of a well-filled past;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

**Napoleon's Midnight Review....Theodore Martin**

From the German of Baron Christian von Zedlitz

At midnight, from the sullen sleep  
Of death the drummer rose;  
The night winds wail, the moonbeams pale  
Are hid, as forth he goes;  
With solemn air and measured step  
He paces on his rounds,  
And ever and anon with might  
The doubling drum he sounds.

His fleshless arms alternately  
The rattling sticks let fall,  
By turns they heat in rattlings meet  
Réveille and roll-call.  
Oh! strangely drear fell on the ear  
The echoes of that drum.  
Old soldiers from their graves start up  
And to its summons come.

They who repose 'mong northern snows,  
In icy cerements lapped,  
Or in the mould of Italy  
All sweltering are wrapped;  
Who sleep beneath the oozy Nile  
Or desert's whirling sand,  
Break from their graves, and, armèd all,  
Spring up at the command.

And at midnight, from death's sullen sleep,  
The trumpeter arose;  
He mounts his steed, and loud and long  
His pealing trumpet blows.  
Each horseman heard it as he lay  
Deep in his gory shroud,  
And to the call these heroes all  
On airy coursers crowd.

Deep gash and scar their bodies mar—  
They were a ghastly file;  
And underneath the glittering casques  
Their bleached skulls grimly smile.  
With haughty mien they grasp their swords  
Within their bony hands—  
'Twould fright the brave to see them wave  
Their long and gleaming brands.

And at midnight, from the sullen sleep  
Of death, the chief arose;  
Behind him move his officers,  
As slowly forth he goes.  
His hat is small; upon his coat  
No star or crest is strung;  
And by his side a little sword—  
His only arms—is hung.

The wan moon threw a livid hue  
    Across the mighty plain;  
And he that wore the little hat.  
    Stepped proudly forth again—  
And well these grizzly warriors  
    Their little chieftain knew,  
For whom they left their graves that night  
    To muster in review.

“Present—recover arms!” The cry  
    Runs round in eager hum  
Before him all that host defiles,  
    While rolls the doubling drum.  
“Halt!” then he calls; his generals  
    And captains cluster near.  
He turns to one that stands beside  
    And whispers in his ear.

From rank to rank, from rear to flank,  
    It wings along the Seine;  
The word that chieftain gives is “France!”  
    The answer, “Sainte-Hélène!”  
And thus departed Cæsar holds,  
    At midnight hour alway,  
The grand review of his old bands  
    In the Champs Elysées.

**Cupid and Campaspe.....John Lyly.....Poems**

Cupid and my Campaspe played  
At cardes for kisses; Cupid payed.  
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
His mother's doves, and teame of sparrows;  
Loses them too. Then down he throws  
The coral of his lippe, the rose  
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);  
With these, the crystal of his browe,  
And then the dimple of his chinne.  
All these did my Campaspe winne.  
At last he set her both his eyes,  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love! has she done this to thee?  
What shall, alas! become of mee?

## THE FAKIR AND THE ANCHORITE\*

It was in the Desert of the Thebaid, during the latter years of the aged St. Anthony.

On each bank of the Nile, among the rocks, among the tombs of the mummies, were scattered the cells of innumerable anchorites, those holy men who had left the delights of the world to wrestle in solitude and prayer with the lusts of the flesh and the infinite temptations of the devil. Sometimes they were visited by angels in the guise of fair youths with staves in their hands, like travellers. Sometimes demons in strange, bestial forms prowled about them, seeking to lure them to damnation. The desert then was the chief battle-ground in the unceasing warfare between the angels of light and the powers of darkness.

Of all these anchorites none was more renowned for austerity, none fasted more often or more rigorously, than Paphnucius. As a young man he had felt the charm of poetry and seen the beauty of Thais, but by the mercy of God he had been converted, and gradually the holiness of his life had gathered around him in the desert a devout band of four and twenty monks. Many years had passed of fasting and meditation, when, night after night, there appeared to him in dreams the image of Thais—at first, as he used to know her, caressing and coaxing, then penitent and tearful; and, as the visions changed, his disgust turned to passion, and his passion to pity, and he knew it was the will of God that he should seek the woman and convert her. Thus it was that one morning Paphnucius, obedient to the divine call, left his cell and his disciples and sallied forth, clad in his long monk's robe, to journey on foot to Alexandria. After many days of travel over solitary wastes, after many sleepless, dream-tormented nights, he came by chance upon a wretched palm-leaf hut that was, he fancied, the abode of some pious anchorite. Through the doorway, he saw a jar, a handful of onions, and a bed of dry leaves.

That, said he to himself, is the lodging of an ascetic. These hermits are not wont to go far from their huts. I shall be sure to meet this man soon. I wish to give him the kiss of peace after the custom of the blessed recluse, An-

\* From the French of Anatole France's novel, *Thais*.

thony, who, when he met Paul, the hermit kissed him thrice. We will discuss together eternal truths, and perchance our Lord will send a raven with bread that my host will kindly invite me to share with him.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind he went round about the hut to see if he could not find somebody. Before he had taken a hundred steps he perceived a man sitting with legs crossed on the banks of the Nile. The man was naked, his hair and beard quite white, and his body redder than red brick. Paphnucius greeted him with the salutation the monks use when one monk meets another:

"Peace be with you, brother! Some day may you enjoy the blessed peace of Paradise."

The man answered not, but stayed still and seemed not to understand. Paphnucius fancied that the man's silence was due to one of those ecstatic trances that holy men know well. He knelt down on his knees, with hands clasped, by the side of the unknown man, and so stayed in prayer till the setting of the sun. Then, when he saw that his companion had not moved, he said to him: "Father, if you have recovered from the trance into which I have seen you deeply rapt, give me your blessing in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The man answered without turning his head:

"Stranger, I do not know what you mean, nor do I know your Lord Jesus Christ."

"What!" cried Paphnucius. "The prophets have foretold him; armies of martyrs have confessed his name; Cæsar himself has worshipped him, and but now I made the Sphinx of Sisilé proclaim his glory. Is it possible that you do not know him?"

"Friend," replied the man, "it is possible. It would, indeed, be certain, if there were any certainty in the world."

Paphnucius was surprised and saddened by the incredible ignorance of the man.

"If you know not Jesus Christ," he said, "your works will avail you naught, and you will not win the life everlasting."

The old man answered:

"To do or not to do is alike vanity; it is no matter whether one lives or dies."

"What!" asked Paphnucius, "you do not wish for eternal life? Nay, tell me, do you not live in a hut in this desert like the anchorites?"

"So it seems."

"Do you not live in nakedness without worldly goods?"

"So it seems."

"Do you not eat roots and obey the rule of chastity?"

"So it seems."

"Have you not renounced all the vanities of this world?"

"I have practically renounced the vain things that men generally desire."

"Then, like me, you live in poverty, chastity, and solitude. And you do not, as I do, live so for the glory of God and for the sake of happiness in Heaven! That is what I cannot understand. Why are you virtuous if you do not believe in Jesus Christ? Why do you deny yourself the good things of this world if you do not hope to win the good things of the next?"

"Stranger, I do not deprive myself of anything good, and I am confident I have found a way of living that is well enough—though, to speak accurately, there is no life that is either good or bad. No thing in itself is either honorable or dishonorable, just or unjust, pleasant or painful, good or bad. It is the mind of man that attributes qualities to things, just as salt gives savor to food."

"So, then, in your opinion, there is no certainty. You deny the existence of the truth that even idolators have sought after. You lie down in your ignorance, like a tired dog that sleeps in the mire."

"Stranger, it is equally purposeless to abuse either dogs or philosophers. We know neither what dogs are nor what we are. We know nothing."

"Old man, do you belong to the absurd sect of sceptics? Are you one of those wretched fools who deny the existence both of motion and of rest, who do not know how to tell the light of the sun from the shadows of night?"

"Friend, I am practically a sceptic, and one of a school that to me seems praiseworthy, though you deem it absurd. For the same things have various appearances. The pyramids of Memphis at dawn seem cones of rosy light. At sunset they loom like black triangles against the fiery sky. But who can penetrate their inmost being? You chide me for not believing in appearances, when the fact is that appearances are the only realities I recognize. The sun seems to me bright, but what it really is I do not know. I feel that

fire burns, but I know neither how nor why. Friend, you do not understand me. As for that, it makes no difference whether one is understood in one way or another."

"Still once more," said Paphnucius, "why do you live on dates and onions in the desert? Why do you endure great hardships? It is true that I endure hardships as great, and, like you, live a life of abstinence in solitude. But that is for the sake of pleasing God and of earning everlasting bliss. And that is a reasonable motive, for it is wisdom to endure suffering as a means to a great reward. On the contrary, it is madness to expose one's self to useless pains and to sufferings without a purpose. If I did not believe—forgive this blasphemy, O ancient of days!—if I did not believe in the truth of what God has taught us by the mouths of the prophets, by the example of his Son, by the deeds of the apostles, by the authority of the Church, and by the testimony of the martyrs; if I did not know that suffering of the body is necessary for the health of the soul; if I were, as you are, sunk in ignorance of the sacred mysteries—I would instantly go back to society, I would force myself to gain wealth in order to live in luxury like the fortunate people of this world, and I would say to the lusts of the flesh: 'Come, girls, come, serving women, come all and pour for me your wines, your love drinks, and your perfumes.' But you, mad old man, you deprive yourself of all chances of happiness: you lose without expectation of winning; you give without hope of return, and you imitate the worthy practices of us hermits in a ridiculous way, like an impudent ape who thinks he is copying the picture of a painter when he is only daubing a wall. You stupidest of men, tell me your motives."

Paphnucius spoke thus with great vehemence. But the old man remained calm.

"Friend," he answered softly, "what do you care about the motives of a dog in the mud or of a mischievous ape?"

Paphnucius had in mind nothing but the glory of God. His anger died away, and he apologized with humility.

"Forgive me," he said, "old man, brother, if zeal for the truth has made me discourteous. God is my witness that it is your error, and not you, that I hated. I am pained to see you in darkness, for I love you for Christ's sake, and my heart is full of anxiety for your salvation. Speak, tell me your reasons. I am dying to know, that I may refute them."

The old man answered quietly: "I would as lief speak as not. I will, then, tell you my reason without asking for yours in return, for you do not interest me in the least. I care neither for your happiness nor your unhappiness, and it makes no difference to me whether you think one way or another. And how could I like you or hate you? Dislike and sympathy are equally unworthy of a wise man. However, since you ask me I will tell you that my name is Timocles, and that I was born in Cos, of a family which had made money in business. My father was a shipowner. Intellectually he was a good deal like Alexander, by men called the Great, but more intelligent. In fact, he was a poor sort of man. I had two brothers who were shipowners, like him. As for me, I adopted the vocation of a philosopher. Then my elder brother was forced by our father to marry a Carian woman, Timaessa, whom he disliked so much that he found it perfect misery to live with her. Yet Timaessa managed to make my younger brother fall in love with her, and his passion soon became raging madness. To the Carian woman both brothers were equally hateful; but she loved a flute player, and used to receive visits from him in her room. One morning he left there a wreath that he used to wear at banquets. My brothers found the wreath and swore to kill the player, and the next day beat him till he died, in spite of his tears and his prayers. My sister-in-law was driven mad by her despair, and these three wretched creatures became like unto wild beasts, and used to rush in their madness up and down the beach of Cos, howling like wolves, foaming at the mouth, with eyes fixed on the ground, while the children hooted them and threw shells at them. They died, and my father buried them with his own hands. A short time afterward he starved to death through a disease of the stomach, though he was rich enough to buy all the meat and all the fruit in the markets of Asia. He was in despair at leaving me his money, which I spent in travel. I visited Italy, Greece, and Africa without coming across a single wise or happy man. I studied philosophy at Athens and Alexandria, and I was stunned by the clamor of disputing philosophers. At last, when I had got as far as India, I saw a naked man on the banks of the Ganges, who had sat there motionless, with his legs crossed, for thirty years. Lizards ran over his wizened body, and birds made their nests in his hair. Yet

he lived on. When I saw him I thought of Timaessa, of the flute player, of my two brothers and my father, and I understood that this Indian was wise. 'Men suffer,' I said to myself, 'because they have not something they believe to be good, or because they have it and are afraid of losing it, or because they are enduring something they believe to be evil. Do away with all belief of the sort, and all evils disappear.' That is why I determined never to deem anything a benefit, to practise the absolute abnegation of the good things of this world, and to live in solitude, and without moving, after the example of the Indian."

Paphnucius had listened attentively to the old man's story.

"Timocles of Cos," he answered, "I admit that there is some sense in what you say. It is, indeed, wise to condemn the good things of this world. But it would be foolish to condemn equally the good things of the next world, and to incur the anger of God. I lament your lack of wisdom, Timocles, and I am going to instruct you in the truth, so that you may acknowledge the existence of one God in three persons, and, knowing, may obey this God as a child obeys his father."

But Timocles interrupted him: "Stranger, refrain from revealing your doctrines to me, and do not expect to persuade me to share your belief. All argument is fruitless. It is my opinion that one ought to have no opinion. I live in peace only because I live in indifference. Go your own way, and do not try to withdraw me from the blessed apathy that laps me round, like the water of a grateful bath, after the cruel hardships of my life."

Paphnucius was deeply learned in the mysteries of the faith. By his knowledge of the human heart he understood that the grace of God did not abide with the aged Timocles, and that for this soul, infatuated with its own damnation, the day of salvation had not yet dawned. He made no answer, for fear that his efforts at edification would end in scandal. For it sometimes happens that by arguing with unbelievers, instead of converting them, one leads them to sin anew. That is why those who know the truth ought to impart it with discretion.

"Good-by now!" he said, "unfortunate Timocles."

And, with a sigh, he continued his journey into the night.

## THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES.

**The Coming of an Indian Monsoon....The London Hawk**

Let me try to give a pen picture of the end of an India summer and the beginning of the period when the monsoon rains descend. Day after day the sun pours down withering heat, the air is sick with it, the ground is hard as iron and gapes in great cracks as though open-mouthed, pleading to the pitiless sky for a drop of water; the wide expanse of country that a few months past was green and flower-be-sprinkled is brown, the grass crisped with the fierce heat, and falling to powder if rubbed; the trees, mostly evergreens, are parched and dusty, no breath of air rustles through, no leaf stirs. They resemble great toy trees with leaves of painted wood. There is no sound of life anywhere; the noisy green parrots are silent, and hide from the sun in the heart of the densest and leafyest top. You may, perhaps, see a crow or mynah sit solitarily on a bough, with drooping wing and gaping beak, helpless in this great purgatory of fire. "The monsoon, the monsoon—will it never come?" you ask as you toss half-naked on your bed, worried by prickly heat and insects which shall be nameless, not the worst of which is the persistent, blood-sucking mosquito. Heat apoplexy has, perhaps, prostrated one or two of your friends, and a second in the open air unhelmeted would be sudden death. "Will the monsoon never come?" Every evening the sun drops down in the west like a great ball of fire, but leaves the heat behind him. One evening you notice with great joy two or three black clouds climb up the east to take a peep at his descending majesty. They are the advance guard, you think, of the approaching monsoon, and it will surely rain before morning. Morning dawns, and the sun sets to blowing his heat furnace strong as ever, the sky is once more a great dome of burnished brass. The monsoon at last blows his warning trumpet, and the soughing of the wind to the far-away horizon calls you out from your bed to the verandah. Nature holds her breath, a great calm, a strange hush—the flush of expectancy, fills earth and air. Ha! here comes the monsoon. Away on the western horizon a great black cloud-wave surges up toward the zenith, blotting out the burnished sky in its progress, just as though

you poured ink slowly into a brass bowl. Behind this black wave, and moving with it, is a great dense ebon mass, cut every instant by forked lightning and bellowing deafening thunder. The quick-darting adder-tongues of flame flash everywhere, search the bellowing heavens throughout from top to bottom, throughout the whole cloud-packed dome. Now for a second, only for a second, the quick-flashing lightning ceases, and an inky blackness, the blackness of Erebus, succeeds, and the thunder bellows as Englishman in his sea-girt little isle never heard it bellow. It is no distant rumble, gradually rolling nearer and culminating in a resounding crack overhead; no, around, about, and just overhead the infernal din never ceases. The bellied clouds are pregnant with thunder, and the flame forks flashing hither and thither pierce their wombs and loose the thunder from its prison. It reminds one of Michael and his celestial host warring with Lucifer and his legions. It is terrible. Inside your bungalow the first advancing wind that heralded the monsoon carried with it clouds of blinding dust, which is now piled up an inch high on table and chair and shelf. And still the war of the elements goes on. You cannot hear your neighbor's voice though he shout his utmost; the birds affrighted shriek in the thickets, and the native servants huddle themselves together in dark corners for safety. The sky opens its flood-gates and rain in torrents pours down without intermission for eighty or ninety hours on the parched earth. Splash! splash! on the roof, not in showers, but in sheets. That is the monsoon. And when it has passed, what a transformation it has effected. The arid plain is one great lake, through which rise innumerable trees of glossy green, and, crowding their leafy cathedrals, flocks of parrots and mynahs chatter their thanks to God for the welcome rain. The great lake soon disappears, absorbed by the thirsty earth, and reveals a far and fair expanse of verdure, beautiful beyond words in its dazzling greenery, and sprinkled with flowers that have shot up in a night. Earth's embodied hymn of praise to the Creator for the blessing of the monsoon.

**Exploring the South Pole....The Melbourne Expedition....Post-Dispatch**

The long-talked-of Antarctic expedition under Australian auspices is at last within the circle of a certainty. The difficulty in organizing this expedition has been wholly financial,

for it might have sailed five years ago had it not been for the parsimony and short-sighted niggardliness of the English government which refused to give assistance when asked for it in 1886. However, owing to the energy of Baron Von Mueller, the distinguished botanist and President of the Royal Geographical Society, the amount of money needed is at last assured, and the expedition will be ready to sail during the summer of 1892. The enterprise will be commanded by Baron Nordenskjold, who volunteered his services in 1886, and has been waiting on the Australians ever since. Among the first to call attention to the importance of Antarctic geography to Australia was a Danish merchant settled in New Zealand, who in 1886 went to England and Denmark to find seafaring men who had had experience in whaling to volunteer for commercial voyages. Nothing came of his efforts, but interest was kept alive. It must be admitted that commercial considerations were the most potent in giving the Australian South Polar scheme a start, but the scientific aspect of the matter was soon perceived and ample provision has been made for extensive magnetic, geographic, geologic, seismic, and meteorologic observations which are absolutely necessary to the further development of certain lines of investigations. When the Victoria Branch of the Royal Geographical Society took up the subject in 1887 the reasons for the undertaking were summarized thus: 1. That the configuration of the Antarctic continent be determined in the interest of geographical science. 2. That the geologic character of the continent be ascertained. 3. That it is desirable to increase the extent of the physiography of the world by ascertaining whether the recent volcanic disturbances in New Zealand and in the Sunda Islands—both situated on the line of weak earth crust which is believed to carry the volcanoes of Victoria Land—have produced any changes in the Antarctic circle. 4. The examination of Mount Erebus. 5. That it may be determined whether any secular change in climate is in progress. 6. That the magnetic record may be compared with the observations of Ross. 7. That the commercial value of the region may be discovered. Australia is comparatively near the land of eternal snow and there are probably rich fishing grounds in the cold seas. Whales, seals, etc., are known to abound. It is proposed to winter in the Antarctic zone. The great project now before us requires

that an expedition should winter there in order to compare the conditions and phenomena with our Arctic knowledge. The observations and data to be collected there throughout one year could not fail to produce matter of the deepest importance to all branches of science. Such an achievement can probably be accomplished in these days with ships properly designed and fitted with the means of steam propulsion; nor is it chimerical to conceive a sledge party travelling over the glaciers of Victoria Land toward the South Pole after the example of Nordenskjold and Nansen in Greenland. Another interesting matter requires investigation from the fact that all the thermometers supplied for deep sea temperatures to Ross were faulty in construction, as they were then not adapted to register accurately beneath the weighty oceanic pressure. Moreover, another magnetic survey is most desirable to determine what secular change has been made in the element of terrestrial magnetism after an interval of forty years or more. Among the moot questions to which some answer is hoped from this expedition is that of the "Great Southern Continent," about which geographers have speculated for so many years. The state of our knowledge on this question is well put in the Challenger narrative: "That a very considerable tract of land exists south of the sixty-fifth parallel and between the meridians 100° east and 180 east, and also between the forty-fifth east and sixtieth east cannot be doubted, but whether this land is continuous or broken up into a series of islands with shallow water between cannot at present be stated with any degree of certainty, for the ice in the vicinity of the land so blocks up all approach to the coast and hides the shore that it is next to impossible to say with accuracy where the land begins. It can, therefore, only be conjectured from the state of the ice and the observed temperature what the condition of the land is." The suggestion here implied will be accepted by Professor Nordenskjold, who will take an ample supply of dynamite and some heavy guns with him; but even with these it is by no means certain that much can be accomplished, as the ice cap, as measured by Ross in 1838-1840, was two hundred and fifty feet thick at the shore line, and the late Professor Croll claimed that at the pole it was not less than seven miles. But the existence itself of this continent is a matter of sheer hypothesis. Maury, in 1861, advanced a

theory that land must exist around the south pole because land is seldom antipodal to land. This is true, only one twenty-seventh of the known land area on the globe being antipodal to land, but the theory is not reality, but only the statement of a large number of observations, and even if it were true it is not known certainly whether there is an open polar sea around the North Pole. However this may be, it is known that land exists within the periphery of the Antarctic circle which reaches north in a peninsula S. S. E. of the south end of America, reaching in Graham Land almost to  $62^{\circ}$  south, but whether this island is a part of the main land is one of the questions for Professor Nordenskjold to try to answer. Some idea of the magnitude of these ice sheets may be had from the icebergs which have been seen in the southern seas. Professor Cröll gives a list of bergs from four hundred to one thousand feet above water—one thousand feet was seen about  $37^{\circ}$  south. As it is supposed that the submerged portion of a berg. is seven times the height above water, the total height of these bergs ranges from three thousand two hundred to eight thousand feet. Observations of icebergs have hitherto been the principal means of knowledge concerning the continent itself. They present two peculiarities which have long engaged the attention of physical geographers. They are tabular and no dirt or other evidence of a land origin has been found. In explanation of the tabular form, it is supposed that the Antarctic land is either a flat plain or a cluster of islands separated by shallow water, and the whole connected by an enormous sheet of ice. The precipitation is enormous and is always in the form of snow, as the temperature never rises, even in summer, above zero of Centigrade or  $32^{\circ}$  F. Sir C. W. Thomson, who commanded the Challenger expedition, held that the direct radiant heat of the sun melted the snow on the surface. This sank toward the bottom, where it hardened into ice, and after the next snowfall and next sunshine the process was repeated. This has been going on for centuries, resulting in the ice cap, which stands out cliff-like and impenetrable. But this explanation of the tabular form raises another difficulty. How did the bergs get into the sea? In the Arctic regions the bergs are ends of glaciers which move down valleys and break and fall into the sea by their own weight. If the Antarctic region is level, as the tabular form

of the bergs forces us to believe, why does not the ice remain stationary? Sir C. W. Thomson holds that the ice encroaches on the sea, and as the snow falls the weight grows and sinks it. As the process goes on and the ice gets farther out into the sea the higher specific gravity of the water causes an upward movement which breaks and detaches the outer rim, which floats off. This view is contested by others, however, and is one of the questions for the Melbourne expedition to settle. The absence of dirt on the bergs is not wonderful if the ice cap is formed as Sir C. W. Thomson supposes. Some idea of the magnitude of the unknown region may be gathered from Elisée Recluse's statement that the moon might be dropped into it without filling it. It is an area of four million five hundred thousand square miles, considerably larger than the Australian continent. The ice cliffs seen by Wilkes and examined by Ross have never been scaled. Professor Nordenskjold proposes to reach the top of these and proceed on foot or in sledges toward the south, to the pole if possible. The dangers attending antarctic voyages are not great. No ship has ever been lost in those seas. The expedition will be fully equipped for overland journeys and will no doubt bring back rich scientific results. At any rate, Australians justly feel proud of the work, for it is owing to their energy alone that the long struggle to start the expedition is finally brought to a successful conclusion.

**In an Old Flemish City....Francis Watt....Black and White**

There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon, and there is a glory of things terrestrial and a glory of things celestial, but the glory of things celestial is one and the glory of things terrestrial is another. You will do well to ponder this text when you go to Bruges, for there are many interests that the quaint old Flemish city possesses not. Picturesque situation, imposing buildings, memories of great historical events—seek not such things there; but if you feel the weird charm of the mediaeval ages, if you care to desert the present for the past, go to this place of tombs, this old city that lingers irrelevantly on, the unchanging in a changing age. I arrived late one Saturday night in early summer, and spent the following Sunday in aimless rambles through the place. The streets are usually very broad, the houses in an enormous number of these are exactly as they

were three or four centuries ago, and that is the chief thing that gives the town its antique air, but there is much to aid. You meet few people, save in the quarter between the market place and the station. Those you do meet are, let it be confessed, attired in the commonplace garb of a time when men are "ashamed to dress," and you feel a little aggrieved at the impertinence of their existence, but they glide silently along even as shadows. According to report most of the inhabitants are poor, yet it is not the grinding poverty that destroys care for neatness. The houses are strangely well preserved, peaked and gabled, and painted in a fantastic way. Every here and there is the shrine of the Virgin or some saint or other, down by the canal the picture is touched with bright pieces of green. Space is cheap, and there is no want of gardens. You linger long as you cross the bridges, and watch the dark water flowing along with a sluggish stream in among the piles. Windows are curiously plentiful in the dwellings, they are deep-set and mullioned, ornamental pillars shoot up here and there. The canals are everywhere—round the city, and through the city, and across the city. Once Bruges "held the gorgeous East in fee," and these were crowded with traffic. Here and there is still a clumsily-built ship of some sort, but in most the black water crawls along undisturbed. A green embankment crowned with trees is by the side of the canal that coils round the town. Across it are orchards and gardens. You get to the surrounding country by bridges, each guarded by a gate and watch-tower, pierced by a low arch. Beyond, long roads, bounded by high trees, stretched straight as an arrow across the level Flemish landscape. You ought to enter Burges by one of these gates, and not by that anachronism of a railway, for they are the very portals for a city of the past. The sound that most frequently breaks the silence is that of the chimes. Clear and very audible, though not harsh, they take possession of the mind, and blend in strange harmony with the other impressions of the place. They have a sort of haunting cadence like Virgil's lines and Spenser's stanzas. They vibrate in the memory, though for the moment their material sound has ceased. They ring out every quarter of an hour, and that for a couple of minutes or so; then the clock strikes, and immediately after comes the beat of the cathedral bell. Altogether you are never far from the influences of the chimes,

and soon they come to mean for you the city itself. Longfellow's two poems on the Bells and the Belfry are so well known as to be commonplace, but the one called Carillon seems to me to reproduce the melody in a very wonderful way. After the fashion of children who break open their musical boxes to see where the sound comes from, I climbed the Belfry, a huge tower of brick, old and brown, rising and lessening as it rises from the Halles. It leans perceptibly to one side. You reach the summit by long flights of narrow and dark stairs, the chimes sounding like the music of the spheres, too loudly yet still melodious. From the top you look at the perfectly flat plain lost in the distance, and on one side the sea. Below you lie long miles of empty streets, across which you trace the winding of the canals. I wandered next to the Place du Bourg, where is the Hotel de Ville, the Palais de Justice, the Maison de l'ancien Greffe—all old public buildings touched by the hand of the judicious restorer, and brave with gilding and statues and carved stone-work, among which it is not for me to discriminate between the old and the new. Here, too, is the Chapelle du Saint Sang, a church of two stories, in the upper of which a gorgeous service was proceeding on that Whit Sunday. More than seven centuries ago a Count of Flanders brought, they say, from the Holy Land some drops of the Saviour's blood, and here it is preserved. A priest sat at the top of some stairs in the corner; he held the relic inclosed in a sort of shrine, while a long row of worshippers pressed forward to kiss it. The air was thick with incense that stole subtle and strong as chloroform on my unaccustomed sense, and half faint and dizzy I got out again. A little way off is the Hospital of St. Jean. After passing through the low archway, I rang at the gate, conscious of a lack of sandals and beliefs. Here the sick and poor have been tended for over five centuries without interruption; and who would refuse the name of holy ground to such a soil? No doubt they have all the modern appliances, but the house itself is much as it always was. I wandered with interest through an endless succession of long low-arched rooms and empty, echoing corridors, all very bare and clean. Once I came out through a small door on one of the canals, where there was a curious landing place, and again I came on a small chapel, with a row of candles burning before the altar, and a nun kneeling

in silent prayer. But it is not for such things your tourist of to-day seeks the hospital. The attraction is the room where they keep the Memling pictures and the wonderful "Gothic chapter in miniature," the Châsse de Sainte-Ursule, on whose sides are painted a series of scenes, the episodes of that maddest of mediæval legends, the story of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins. Fresh and bright as if finished yesterday are the pictures of mediæval folk and landscapes and towns, especially those of *die Stadt mit dem ewigen Dom*, as the German song calls Cologne. The easily recognized figure of the Cathedral gives it a curiously familiar appearance. They say that Memling, wounded at the battle of Nancy, was carefully tended here, and that in gratitude he painted the pictures you see around. The Châsse was done for the hospital between 1480 and 1486, and here it has remained. Surely it gives an added charm to a great work to see it in the place that gave it birth and for which it was intended. But the old merchant princes of Bruges, although they encouraged native talent liberally, were not content therewith. Across from the hospital in the Church of Notre Dame is Michael Angelo's statue of the Virgin and Child—two small white marble figures of perfect beauty. It was ordered by Peter Moscorn, one of the wealthy burgesses of the town at the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th century; and has a strange history not here to be repeated. These are the chief of many art treasures that I do not venture to describe or criticise. The churches, even the Cathedral itself, must also be passed over. They are almost entirely built of brick, which material gives a certain air of commonplace to the exterior. They are best seen from the inside. For good or for ill the rites of the Roman Catholic faith are unchanging, and here they are celebrated with every splendor among a devoted population. Passing by the Convent of the Sœurs de Charité, I saw a crowd of beggars and poor people of all sorts waiting at the gate for some daily or weekly dole—a truly mediæval sight.

## IN DIALECT: CHARACTER VERSE

Jim's Story....H. S. Tomer....Judge

I'll tell you plain, if I don't try  
To brace myself right firm I'll cry;  
This soft wind and this haze and sun  
And the gold and red that melt and run  
And splash the hills—and *she* not here  
To say things about the dying year!  
Didn't I tell you? Oh, I see—  
They called her Dora—all but me;  
Fer she was a delicate lady born,  
And I—well, I was huskin' corn;  
So I called her Miss. She was stayin' here  
Fer the country air the heft of a year.  
Sometimes she'd sit out under a tree  
And watch the hired man work—that's me,  
But she got so frail-like along in the fall  
That she didn't weigh nothin', wraps and all,  
And the women-folks got me to lend a hand  
Movin' her out in the sun to be tanned.  
That's what they said; but she didn't seem  
To care about jokin'—just wanted to dream  
And look at the foliage, gold and red,  
On the hills, and talk about bein' dead!  
Cheerful? Well, no; not exactly that;  
But I used to putter 'round where she sat,  
Just watchin' her, sort of, under the rim  
Of my hat, and wishin' she'd call me Jim!  
Ever have that feelin'? Well, I never cared  
Fer a girl that was well, but if I'd dared  
I'd a-told her how it made me thrill  
When I stole a look at her, sittin' so still  
And holdin' the red leaves in her hands,  
Quotin' some song about lotus lands—  
Some place where it's always afternoon—  
In a voice that was soft and sweet as a tune.  
And so I just listened from under the rim  
Of my hat, sort of wishin' she'd call me Jim!

\* \* \* \* \*

That kind of girls ain't fer such as me—

Nor fer nobody else 's fer's I can see;  
 Fer they just creep into a hired man's heart  
 When the leaves turn red and the brown burrs part;  
 And then, when it snows and the skies are lead  
 And it's still in the house—you know who's dead!  
 I've no right to murmur, but somehow yet,  
 Try hard as I may, I can never forget  
 How I thrilled when her white hand touched my arm;  
 And now when the trees are red on the farm  
 Sometimes I listened from under the rim  
 Of my hat, sort of wishin' she'd call me Jim!

**A Cotton Fields' Song....Ernest McGaffey....Arkansaw Traveler**

Ole Virginny fences, an' comin' down de hill  
 Holdin' to a yaller gourd an' makin' fo' de spring,  
 See dat lazy nigger, dat good-fer-nuthin' "Bill,"  
 See de lips a movin' now an' lissen to him sing—

"Fat ole nigger 'ooman,  
 Blacker en a crow,  
 Mammy's in de cotton fiel  
 Pickin' off de snow,'

"Co'n is in de tossel, an' coon is in de co'n,  
 Jay-bird in de apple tree, he cuts de pigeon-wing,  
 Happy times is comin'; de good old times is gone,  
 Keep a-pattin' Juba while you hear dis darky sing:  
 'Fat ole nigger 'ooman,  
 Blacker en a crow,  
 Mammy's in de cotton fiel'  
 Pickin' off de snow.'

"Dar's de ole bandanna a-shinin' by de fence,  
 An' bag upon de shoulder, whar bits o' cotton cling,  
 'Mistis Ann Maria,' but ain't she des immense,  
 An' when dey see her comin', de pickaninnies sing,  
 'Fat ole nigger 'ooman,  
 Blacker en a crow,  
 Mammy's in de cotton fiel'  
 Pickin' off de snow.'

"Breeze fum out de pine trees it shakes de stalks erbout,  
 All along an' back again an' roun' an' roun' a ring

Den de sun a-blazin' down, pops de cotton out,  
An' make ole Mammy happy, kaze den she softly sing:  
'Fat ole nigger 'ooman,  
Blacker en a crow,  
Mammy's in de cotton fiel'  
Pickin' off de snow.' "

Just Back from Town....James Whitcomb Riley....Century

Old friends allus is the best,  
Halest-like and heartiest;  
Knowed us first, and don't allow  
We're so blame much better now!  
They was standin' at the bars  
When we grabbed "the kivvered kyars"  
And lit out fer town, to make  
Money—and that old mistake!

We thought then the *world* we went  
Into beat "The Settlement,"  
And the friends 'at we'd make there  
Would beat any *anywhere*!  
And they *do*—fer that's their *biz*:  
They beat all the friends they is—  
'Cept the raal old friends like you  
'At staid home, like *I*'d ort to!

W'y, of all the goed things yit  
I ain't *shet* of, is to *quit*  
*Business*, and git back to sheer  
These old comforts waitin' here—  
These old friends; and these old hands  
'At a feller understands;  
These old winter nights, and old  
Young folks chased in out the cold!

Sing "Hard Times 'll come ag'in  
No More!" and neighbors all jine in!  
Here's a feller come from town  
Wants that-air old fiddle down  
From the chimbly! Git the floor  
Cleared fer one cowtillion more!—  
It's poke the kitchen fire, says he,  
And shake a friendly leg with me!

## SCIENCE, INVENTION, INDUSTRY

Photographs sent by Wire....Amstutz Process....Chicago Herald

Noah S. Amstutz, of Cleveland, the inventor of the process for transmitting pictures by electricity, is a little man, with a full beard, and wearing iron-bound spectacles. For six long years he has followed his pet idea, until now he feels certain that complete success is about to crown his efforts. Mr. Amstutz's invention is not the first in this line, but none of the others have gone much beyond the visionary stage. He seems to have learned the secret which other inventors sought for in vain. Change is the one word which explains it all. Variation is the better word, for he has learned how to reproduce a variable surface by means of a variable current of electricity, and that discovery is the key to his success. All electricians, and everybody else, for that matter, know that the pressing down of a telegraph key in Cleveland will cause the armature of a sounder in New York or Chicago to click, but it requires only a steady current of electricity to produce that result, and the armature of the sounder moves with each click the full distance allowed to it within prescribed limits. Put into the wires a variable current which will cause an armature to move much or little, to flutter or dance at the will of the sending operator, and you have solved the problem on which Mr. Amstutz has worked for years, and which he has mastered at last. The machine or apparatus on which Mr. Amstutz has labored so long is apparently a very simple mechanical electrical device. It consists of a metal framework about a foot square and much like the frame of a type-writer, which supports a brass cylinder three inches in diameter and about eight inches in length. Above this cylinder is a metal vibrator attached to a carriage which at the back is fed transversely by a feed screw. The front end of the carriage travels on one of the bars of the frame as the carriage is moved slowly by the feed screw from right to left across the top of the cylinder. Attached to the carriage where the feed screw passes through it are the wires carrying the electric current. Extending along the lower side of this carriage is the delicate vibrator referred to above, to one end of which, and directly over the brass cylinder, is a tracer that can be raised or lowered by means of a set screw. Suspended

over the other end of the vibrator are seven little platinum contacts, against which the vibrator presses as it rises, making connection with the resistances which give variation to the electric current. An electric motor is used to turn the cylinder and feed screw. The process of transmitting the picture seems simpler than the apparatus by which it is done. From a photographic negative a gelatin print is made (being a stripping film). This print has a variable surface, the plane surfaces being white and the various elevations showing greater degrees of shade as they increase in height. The gelatin print, for convenience, is mounted on a strip of celluloid, which is passed around the brass cylinder, and by means of screws is drawn tightly into place, the picture lying around the cylinder with its face up. When everything is in place the tracer attached to the vibrator is so adjusted that its point will run smoothly over the lowest surface of the picture, the electric motor is started, and the cylinder begins to move. It revolves about twenty times the minute. The picture passes under the tracer, which, dancing over the variable surface, raises and lowers the vibrator, constantly changing, though not entirely breaking the electric current by which the picture is being sent. The feed screw turns very slowly, and the cylinder bearing the picture makes about eighty revolutions while the tracer is moving transversely over an inch of the space along the top of the cylinder. In other words, the tracer passes eighty times from top to bottom of the picture in a space an inch wide, touching every particle of the surface within that space and giving to the electric current all the variations of light and shade as represented by the variable depressions and elevations in the gelatin print. The fineness or coarseness of the work of the apparatus is regulated entirely by different sets of gears. At the other end of the wire is the receiving cylinder, which is exactly synchronized with the one from which the picture is sent, so that its revolutions are the same. On the receiving cylinder, which fits into a metal frame like the other, is a thin sheet of paraffine wax. Adjusted over this sheet of wax is a "V"-shaped "graver," or little steel point attached to a carriage which works on a feed-screw similar to that used on the sending cylinder. The current coming over the wires passes through the magnets, having variations corresponding to the variations of light and shade of the photograph being

sent. As soon as the electricity is applied at the sending end and the cylinder there is started, the receiving cylinder also begins to move. As the tracer moves up and down over the variable surface of the gelatin film, so the "graver" on the receiving cylinder rises and falls, cutting into the sheet of wax, and reproducing in exact detail the variations of light and shade in the picture on the sending cylinder miles away. When the sending of the photograph has been finished, there is on the wax sheet an exact reproduction of the picture in relief lines, varying in width and depth with the light and shade of the gelatin film from which it was sent. The sheet of wax is then taken from the cylinder, warmed slightly, and pressed out flat. From its surface can be printed proofs of the picture, or from the wax engraving—for that is what it really is—can be made a plaster mould from which a type metal cut can be cast. The time elapsing between the turning on of the electricity, for the sending of a picture two inches square and the casting of the cut, ought not to be more than twenty-five minutes. The time will of course vary with the size of the subject. Sketches, made in half tone, with variations in light and shade (not simply outline), those approaching the style of an India ink wood drawing, etc., can be so made under the process that as soon as completed they may be placed upon the cylinder of the transmitter and automatically sent to a distance and there made into an engraving which is the reproduction itself. This step will enable a special correspondent to send his sketches so as to reach the home office as soon as any press dispatches. It will no doubt be understood that the result arrived at is the correct reproduction of the photograph with all its variations of light and shade, hence its accuracy. The engraving is a special feature of the device. While the result will have an appearance similar to the well-known half-tone engraving, it will not, however, have any of the disadvantages of this process when used for regular newspaper work, namely, the filling up of the lines because of their shallowness, and the ultimate breaking down of them because of their not being strong enough to sustain the heavy pressure of the large cylinder presses. The cutting is done by an electrical-mechanical device, which can be adjusted so as to go a greater or less depth without destroying the fineness of the work. With chemicals this is impossible. A modified re-

ceiver is also used, in which the carriage is the same as the one described above, but the support for the material upon which the record is to be made is different, being a reciprocal table having a block of soft metal instead of the cylinder and its sheet of wax. The manner of cutting is different also, because on the metal a rotary cutter is used instead of the "V"-shaped graver used on the wax. When the engraving is completed in the metal, proofs can be taken direct, or the block can be stereotyped by the ordinary methods and at once placed in the forms and on the press for printing. Mr. Amstutz has made several tests of the apparatus, all in private. The first was made on March 27th, 1891, and the last on the 17th of July. He chose for his first subject a picture showing a house interior with three persons sitting at a table. There was too much detail in this picture for good work as a first attempt. The next subject was a photograph of Carmencita, the Spanish dancer, whose dress, covered with lace and embroidery, made a difficult surface to work upon. The result was a very good likeness. The last test was upon a photograph of himself, and the result showed decided improvement over the previous tests. The main obstacle now to be overcome is the adjustment of instruments, which must be exact to a hair's breadth. The principle has been conquered, and it is only a question of time when the mechanical difficulties will be overcome.

**From Worm to Fabric....M. C. Williams....The Chicago News**

The silkworm story is a twice-told tale. Everybody knows how the green, wriggling creature, fed fat on mulberry leaves, spins himself a shining shroud out of which he will come with wings—that is, if he comes at all. For the most part he does not. The cocoons meant for reeling are kiln dried until the dormant life goes out entirely. The largest and fairest are saved for seed. Out of them come the moths that lay eggs for a new generation. Three to six hundred is the usual number. The eggs called grain are subject to fungus that does not destroy their vitality but makes worms hatched from them unhealthy. They toil not, neither do they spin. Instead they die, weak and languid, to the disgust of the growers and the depletion of their pockets. Reeling silk is almost a fine art. The cocoons are softened in hot water. Loose ends are taken up from two or three at once and reeled

as one thread. As one strand gives out another is lapped on, so as to give a smooth, even yarn. The natural gum makes it stick together. Getting rid of it is a troublesome and tedious process. When it is accomplished the yellow-white, flossy stuff is the raw silk of the weaver. There are three sizes—singles, a single strand twisted after reeling; tram, two strands twisted together, and thrown silk, two twisted strands twisted together the contrary way. From time immemorial India and China have been great silk-raising regions. Japan is now added to them. Thence come more than three parts of the world's supply. India has not only the silkworm but the tussus moth, which supplies the strong, yellowish tussor silk so much worn of late. There is also a hardy spinner that feeds on the leaves of the castor-oil bean. The ancients got all their silk from the east. By Roman law in the time of Tiberius men were forbidden to appear in public clothed in silk. It is part of the reproach of Heliogabalus that he defied that canon of the senate and sat in the amphitheatre in silk from head to foot. About 550 A.D. Persian monks first brought silkworm eggs concealed in the head of a hollow staff to Constantinople. Thence silk culture spread into Greece. A little later conquest carried it to Sicily. From there to Italy it was but a step. Soil, climate, people, suited it. The industry took root, grew, thrived, and continues to this day. The thrifty peasant manages to get silk and oil and wine from the same small holding. First he plants his mulberry trees sixteen feet each way. He prunes the heads into a hollow cup and trains his vines all over them. Around the edge he sets a shelter of olive trees. So all seasons bring him labor and the reward of it. Spain owes silk to the Moors, and produces it in true Spanish fashion—lazy, haphazard, picturesque. She it is who supplies the silkworm gut for leaders for fly fishermen the world over. It is the gorged gland of the worm just ready for spinning. Barcelona silk is in great request whenever a filament fine and peculiarly strong is required. France began to manufacture silk in 1521. It was forty years later that silk-growing began there. From the first she has excelled in silken stuffs. English silk weavers, protected by a prohibitive duty, did not feel it worth while to improve upon the methods of their fathers. That is all changed, of course, since free trade came in. It will take at least another century, though, to

overcome this long lead gained by French looms. Lyons is to-day the head-quarters of silk weaving. All the best China and India silks so-called, come thence. In fact, there is no sort of silken tissue not made there—and better made than anywhere else. American silk weavers, though, fall but little short of the glory of Lyons. In printed silks they even go beyond them. It would be strange if they did not. Printing silk is comparatively a new process, and protection of sixty per cent or thereabouts gives a neat margin for experiment. In white China and natural-colored pongee, American makers have likewise little to learn. They import patterns and processes from France and so improve upon them that in the opinion of experts there will by the year of grace 1900 be no need for good Americans to go to Paris or Lyons or Genoa for anything whatever made from silk. Genoa, the superb, was once pre-eminent for velvet. Now Lyons bears the palm, as she does for the gauzes that got their name from Gaze, the eastern city where first they were made. Damask, forerunner of brocade, came from Damascus. Indeed, there is a flavor and fragrance of the east through all the bead roll of silken stuffs. It was the damask loom that made possible the Jacquard. In fact, the main difference in them is that in the one, human skill and patience accomplish what the other does automatically. The damask weaver puts in thread after thread by hand over, under, through warp as the pattern required. The Jacquard loom has weighted strings passing over a pulley to fall upon perforated cards. Each motion changes their position and lets some weights go through the holes and draw up the warp threads so as to be skipped by the woof, while others strike the card and leave their strands in place to be regularly woven. The result is something wonderful. Glance along this heaped counter and say if the brush in the hands of a cunning workman could do better than this loom. Here is a satin ground, clear pearl, fine and lustrous as the shell itself, with trails of pink roses and grass falling irregularly over it. Beside it is a water green, crested with white ostrich feathers that almost seem to wave in air. Over beyond, autumn leaves glow in full October splendor athwart a smoke-gray ground. A blossoming apple bough shows pink and white against black. Conventionalized tulips struggle over pale yellow spaces. Most wonderful of all, a gilt sun flames out in a wilderness of black roses upon a mid-

night ground. Mark the fine curves, the exquisite tints, the delicate shading and say if it does not give you a higher respect for your species to know that it hath entered into the mind of man to conceive a machine capable of doing such work. Designing silks is something that employs and pays well for much of the best artistic talent in France. A pattern that takes, means fortune to the mill that makes it. Each house has its own pattern-makers and guards jealously the fruits of their labors. A pattern cannot be protected by letters patent. A large buyer may, though, secure from the maker exclusive control of the sorts he buys. It behooves him to buy carefully, prayerfully. The verdict of a petit jury is not more uncertain than that of the silk-wearing public. Shrewd advertising, good display, may do something toward influencing it, but the pattern that toward the close of the season is voluminously in stock is at once hewn down in price and cast upon the bargain counter. Often the placard "reduced from \$1.25" sells the stuff at nearly the original price; sometimes, though, the world laughs such lines to scorn. Stiff, cheap silk is almost invariably "loaded" with salts of lead in the dye with gum, or else has cotton in the filling. It will crack, crack and grow rusty in a night—is altogether a delusion and a snare, to which a good wool gown is infinitely preferable. Very cheap China and Japanese silks are filled with jute. They are excellent good things—to leave upon their native bargain counter. Printed silk is made in much the same fashion as calico. When the figure is white upon a dark ground the silk is bleached, then run between rollers that print the ground, leaving the figure blank. Colored figures on white or light grounds simply reverse the process. Complex patterns, employing many colors, have a separate roller and printing for each tint. The satin weaver throws the fine warp threads all up on the right side. Twills have the warp in three sheets, whereof one is drawn down and the other two left on top. Watered silk is made by passing the fabric, double, between hot rollers under pressure. Each year there are new surfaces in variety. All, though, resolve themselves into the original elementary combinations possible to the hand loom. Methods and motive power grow with the ages. The principle of textiles remains unchanged since the day of that forgotten patriarch who first passed crossway threads between two sheets of long ones, combed

it in place and after shifting sides put in another. Fashions come around in cycles—in fact, their periods are as regularly irregular as those of the comets. The "peau de soie," otherwise "sheen of silk," so much in vogue this last year or two, is but the "paduesoy" in which Mistress Martha Washington and her compeers delighted to array them. Satin ebbs and flows with the sea. Moire hath its seasons when it is unseasonable, stripes come and go—but silk goes on forever. The use of it increases yearly. It is safe to say that the consumption will double in the next twenty years. Yet the market for raw silk is merely "steady." China, Japan, and India are such inexhaustible storehouses of it that they can send us twice our needs without materially increasing the price. Raw silk undyed comes in free. There have been sporadic efforts to raise silk in this United States, but so far it produces no silk worth a mention. Next to wool, silk is the easiest thing to dye. In fact, it runs riot in the whole gamut of color. The anilin dyes evolved by German chemists from coal tar give many of the most delightful tints. For the rest there is madder and Brazil wood, turmeric and cochineal, saffron, indigo, logwood, fustic, and a hundred more. There is no shade, no tint, no cloud of color, but may be caught and repeated in order that beauty may go beautifully.

**Uses of the Phonograph....Its Service to Science....New York Sun**

Dr. J. Mount Bleyer of this city has been making a collection of voices for nearly five years, and he has now fully five hundred specimens, which can be heard at any time by putting them in his phonograph and setting the machine in motion. Dr. Bleyer makes a specialty in diseases of the throat, lungs, and respiratory organs, and his use of the phonograph and micro-graphophone have been made solely for the purpose of ascertaining the practical value of these inventions in regard to medical and other sciences. Although his experiments are by no means finished, the results of his studies thus far have proved gratifying. The voices are all taken on wax cylinders, five inches long by three in diameter. Among the collection are about thirty solos by Julius Perotti, the famous tenor, who appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House a year ago. Twenty cylinders are devoted to Carl Streitmann's songs, including his Gypsy Baron and Beggar Student. When Dr. Bleyer went to Europe last summer to

attend the Tenth International Medical Congress at Berlin he took a message from Carl Streitmann to his father in Vienna, which was reproduced in the natural tone of voice through the phonograph. A message from the father was sent back to the son in the same manner. "Few people have any idea," Dr. Bleyer said to the writer, "of the wonderful changes that have been made in the phonograph since it first came out from the workshop of Thomas Edison. The instrument has now been so perfected that it is capable of faithfully representing every word, syllable, vowel, consonant, aspirant, or, indeed, sounds of any kind. A curious feature of the modern phonograph is the difference made in the key of the voice by an increase or decrease in the velocity of the cylinder. If the latter is turned as fast in transmitting the voice as it is in receiving, the sound is reproduced with almost mathematical fidelity. If, however, the cylinder is turned more slowly, the voice is reproduced in a much lower tone. So, on the other hand, if the mechanism is moved more rapidly, the voice is reproduced in a much higher key. This curious fact enables a person to hear himself speak as if he had been endowed with different vocal organs. A contralto, for example, who sings a song into the apparatus in her usual style may hear it reproduced as she gave it, or, by changing the speed of the motor, as a soprano, mezzo-soprano, high treble, or, on the other hand, as a baritone, basso, or even basso-profundo. Of course, there is a change in the time corresponding with the change in the key. The high treble sings so rapidly as to grate upon the ear, while the basso vocalizes so slowly as to suggest somnolent fatigue. Strange to say, the quality of voice which the French call *timbre* remains unchanged, no matter what time is employed. The minute indentations on the cylinder can be photographed and enlarged, put on metal, and then printed. Just as each man differs from every other man in face, physique, signature, habits, and modes of thought, so does he differ also from an acoustic standpoint. A phonogram of a speech prepared in the manner mentioned would be as accurate a method of identifying a man as his photograph itself. But it is in medical science that the phonograph is destined to exert a greater influence. Its value in this branch is barely beginning to be appreciated. For some years I have occupied myself in studying the uses to which this machine might be

put in the medical, as well as in other sciences, and I can safely say that already in the present stage of its construction, the phonograph can be made to record many of the symptoms usual in diseases of the respiratory organs, in both normal and abnormal states. For instance, the voice of singers with a good voice may be recorded and kept for comparison, in case of any ailment, making the normal record a standard. Phonograms of tenors, baritones, and bassos may be preserved, the voices studied as to the different shades of tone and quality, and be found of value in clinical, as well as in other demonstrations. Good records of specimen patients, illustrating a certain cough, such as the whoop or whooping cough, asthmatic cough, bronchitis, stenosis of the larynx, and in croup and diphtheria, would be of great benefit, particularly in cases of diphtheria and croup where the stenosis is marked. A standard of operation might be selected, and the students, listening through a cylinder, receive the impression therefrom as to about the correct time when operative interference becomes necessary. With the aid of such practical demonstration in the lecture rooms of our colleges, I am certain that our students would gain more from one lecture than from two dozen of the ordinary and prevailing ones. Only too frequently, when we wish to demonstrate some particular clinical case to our students with a view to illustrating certain points of interest therein, a proper subject cannot be found, and words most feebly take the place of facts. Now, if good records of clinical cases in one's private or hospital experience could be taken and kept, then living examples would always be in readiness and could be presented in the various stages of the case." Dr. Bleyer incidentally remarked that he thought these phonographic patients would soon be placed in one or more of the medical colleges. He himself has a large collection of cylinders illustrating the different forms of lung and throat diseases, including stammering, coughing, hoarseness, and nasal troubles. "You must remember," said Dr. Bleyer, "that the many uses to which this valuable machine may be put are just beginning to be realized. A practical application of the phonograph has been suggested by Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal, which is already productive of very satisfactory results. That is the instruction in the pronunciation of foreign languages. I am told that a number of Dr. Rosenthal's pupils are already

engaged in this, the ideal way of mastering foreign languages. The pupils are supplied with books and prepared cylinders to match. The method of study is to train the eye and the ear at the same time, and a pupil, with his lesson on the cylinder, can, by hearing it over and over again, master the pronunciation, while the eye follows the printed text, which makes him familiar with the spelling and appearance of the words. As an automatic teacher of elocution this novel idea has been brought into actual execution, and is at the present time being practised by a number of actors and actresses. The example was set by Clara Morris, who obtained a phonograph and used it to ascertain exactly how her speech sounded. She had become convinced that no speaker could catch the tones of his or her own voice exactly as others did. It occurred to her that by speaking into a phonograph she could receive in return a correct idea of her vocal expression. Her plan succeeded admirably. She recited doubtful portions of her rôles into the machine, and had it repeat them again and again for her criticism. The story of Miss Morris's experiment leaked out, and now there can be counted at least a dozen players who, in studying their parts for this season, are calling this machine to assist them in their efforts toward correct vocalization. Mr. Edison has made several experiments which go to show that the phonograph may become a valuable aid in the study of natural history. Mr. Edison's experiments were made with a view to determine, if possible, if certain insects emit sounds which are inaudible to the human ear because of the rapidity of the vibrations of the sound waves. He places them for a few moments with the phonograph revolving at a very high speed, and then, with a greatly reduced speed, endeavors to reproduce any sound that may be recorded. It has been stated by Mr. Edison that the whole of *Nicholas Nickleby* can be recorded upon four cylinders, each four inches in diameter and eight inches long. In a letter I have recently received from Mr. Edison, he stated that he is making several experiments on a very delicate diaphragm, which is intended to record the faintest sound, such as a very faint breath. The result of these experiments has not been made public." Lieutenant Bettini's experiments have shown that to attain these ends, changes must be made in the recorder as in the reproducer. In his recorder, instead of attaching the recording

knife to one point in the centre of the diaphragm, as in other talking machines, he uses a device which he calls a spider, because it looks like one, to which a knife is attached with branches, or legs, of different lengths attached to several points of the diaphragm on the obverse side. Suppose a spider attached to a vibratory body by many legs of different lengths, six, or eight, or more. Two or three of the points of attachment may sometimes be dead points and unable to transmit vibrations, but by the others the knife will receive all that is necessary to make a good record. The spider gives to his device other advantages. It gives more strength to the knife in making a record, as this strength is concentrated from several points, whereas in other machines it has but one source. It gives to the knife great steadiness, and, moreover, not only are all the tones recorded, but also the half tones, the over tones, and the intermediate tones. Thus the method of reproducing articulate or other sounds consists in causing a record of vibrations to act at a single point or place, and from this point or place to communicate vibrations by independent conductors to the several diaphragms. But that is not the only important end attained by this device. It is very desirable to be able to reproduce the exact natural pitch or tone of the voice or other sound. As with a number of tuning forks, some of which will gather vibrations where others will not, one diaphragm, also, will take certain vibrations which others are unable to take on account of tensions, dimensions, and other physical conditions, of the same diaphragm. In the micro-graphophone, having a diaphragm divided into several divisions of different tensions, dimensions, or other different physical conditions, a more natural reproduction is obtained, both in volume and in pitch, because, in case unusual vibrations should be reproduced, one or more diaphragms will sympathize with these vibrations and no vibration is lost. With such devices the micro-graphophone gives a reproduction for which no hearing tubes are necessary. The voice and all other sounds are emitted into the room, still retaining all their natural qualities, and each completely distinct and distinguishable.

## CURIOSITIES IN PROSE AND VERSE

The First Cigar....Charles B. Shillin....Denver Republican

A quiet eve  
 beneath the  
 stars, with  
 brother Steve  
 and two cigars.  
 Behind the shed  
 we slowly creep!  
 the folks abed, the  
 world asleep. I  
 strike a light with  
 shaky hand, in such  
 a fright I scarce can  
 stand. Like veterans  
 grim we puff the  
 smoke. My eyes grow  
 dim, I almost choke.  
 Another, and another  
 pull. How bitter  
 sweet! My mouth is  
 full of the biting  
 weed. My stomach  
 turns; oh, my, how  
 sick! My throat, too,  
 burns—oh, help me  
 quick. I roll, I squirm,  
 with frightened look,  
 just like a worm on  
 fishing hook. I cry for  
 Steve; my cry's in  
 vain; I see him heave  
 with awful strain!  
 When hope is fled,  
 there breaks a light,  
 behind that shed,  
 upon our plight—  
 and dad is here; as  
 forth we crawl, he  
 grasps my ear and—  
 let the curtain fall.  
 An interview next  
 morn we had. Our  
 words were few;  
 but then our dad  
 behind that  
 shed he showed  
 us stars that  
 till I'm dead  
 our first  
 cigar I'll  
 never  
 for-  
 ge-  
 t.

Suicide....Possibilities of Spelling....Pearson's Weekly

If an S and an I and an O and a U,  
 With an X at the end, spell *Su*;  
 And an E and a Y and an E spell *I*,

Pray, what is a speller to do?  
 Then, if also an S and an I and a G  
 And an H, E, D, spell *cide*,  
 There's nothing much left for a speller to do  
 But to go and commit *siouxeyesighed*.

Due Appreciation....Emily Pickhardt....Boston Globe

A  
 mon-  
 ument  
 a b o u t  
 this size  
 A senator  
 both true  
 a n d wise  
 Should have  
 when he curls  
 up and dies, To mark  
 the world's affection.

INVARIABLE EXPECTATION

But  
 in his  
 own ad-  
 miring  
 e y e s A  
 monument  
 a b o u t t h i s  
 size, To pierce  
 the cerulean skies,  
 fill the angels with  
 surprise, More aptly  
 w o u l d characterize  
 His worth, and by a  
 people wise, Who right-  
 ly knew their man to  
 prize, Be raised and thus  
 inscribed: "Man dies, But  
 fame forever lives. Here  
 lies the greatest man beneath the  
 skies. His name it was 'Perfection.'"

USUAL REALIZATION

But  
 t h i s  
 is just  
 a b o u t  
 the size  
 He gets on  
 due reflection.

## LIFE, DEATH, IMMORTALITY

*"These are the Eternal Questions."*

**Mind in Life....Wendell Phillips....Speeches, Lectures, and Letters**

In our public libraries, to-day, books wear out in using; and no complaint is made anywhere of want of popular interest in any scientific collection. We sometimes forget how the sight of these stores unfolds a taste, the man himself never dreamed he possessed. He gazes, and lo, he too, is a thinker and a student, instead of a mere half-awakened brute. He now no longer merely digs or cumbers the ground, or hangs a dead weight on some braver soul. He thinks—and his spreading pinion lifts his fellows. A glance at Franklin's urn first revealed to Greenough that he was a sculptor. You know the great John Hunter, the head of English surgery, constructed with his own hands a museum of comparative anatomy a hundred feet long, and every spot filled with some specimen which his own hands had preserved in the leisure of a large city practice. A lady once asked him, "Mr. Hunter, what do you think is to be our occupation in heaven?" "I do not know," replied the old man; "I cannot tell what we shall do there; but if the Almighty God would grant me the liberty to sit and think, for eternity, of his wonderful works that I have seen in forty years, I could be happy as long as eternity lasted."

**The Thought of Death....M. Brunetiere....Revue des Deux Mondes.**

Death alone gives life its interest and its meaning; it alone determines the price and worth of it. Because we alone, among sentient beings, know death, we are men; and whatever resemblance may be found in other respects between man and beasts, this knowledge of death puts an abyss between them. Man might be defined as an animal who knows death, and who, without the certitude and the fear he has of it, would not be what he is, if, as Schopenhauer says, "death is the inspiring genius of philosophy." . . . Now, the desire to live is the dull instinctive desire to persist in our being; it is the tendency we have to gather everything toward ourselves as to the centre of the world. What are the results, if not that every inch gained upon the desire to live is gained also upon instinct and on egoism? Each effect made to strip

ourselves of ourselves is a vice attacked at its source, a virtue of which we begin the apprenticeship. We begin by estimating at its just price wealth which is not wealth, such as fortune and glory, which does not mean that we do not pursue it since the society of man is to some extent based upon the common esteem in which it is held, but we no longer give to it the same excitement, eagerness, and vigor. It is justice which triumphs in us over egoism. It is charity which adds itself to justice and completes it. Further yet, rise higher, let us recognize our own being in that of every other creature, and ask no other destiny for ourselves than that of humanity in general. Charity has passed into devotion, devotion into abnegation, abnegation into sacrifice. Then death may come, or, rather, what men call death; although it is, if we reflect upon it, only the term of perfection.

**Progress in Immortality....C. T. Stockwell...Evolution of Immortality**

We are not to suppose that, as we pass on to the next stage of progressive existence, we have reached the ultimatum. If, standing here and looking back, with all the aids at our command, along the line from whence we came, we fail to discover the beginning or the successive stages through which we have already passed, so in looking forward we also fail to catch a glimpse even of the end. The spiritual body being, however, a unit organism, composed of matter—a mode of motion—it also must be changeful, in form and combination, in accordance with laws pertaining to matter. Should it be composed of the elements of universal ether, or should the external organism that our life-principle, or spirit, is to inhabit in the next stage be composed of a higher or finer quality, arrangement, or mode of motion of matter than that of which our present bodies are composed, it would pass, simply, under higher and more complex laws than any that we now know as pertaining to the grosser forms of substance; and it would carry with itself the adequate senses of perception of objective realities external to itself. "Birth gave to each of us much." Why, then, may we not reasonably assume that "Death may give us very much more, in the way of subtler senses to behold colors we cannot here see, to catch sounds we do not now hear, and to be aware of bodies and objects impalpable at present to us, but perfectly real, intelligibly constructed, and constituting an organized society."

## NEWSPAPER VERSE: GRAVE AND GAY

## Not Exacting....Love's Modest Demands....Life

When sailing o'er the broad Atlantic Ocean,  
 When tossed upon the mad and raging sea,  
 When filled with strange, tumultuous commotion,  
 I'll pardon if you fail to think of me.

When hunting in the forest or the jungle,  
 When chasing mastodon or fleeting hind,  
 And thought of me your work would sadly bungle,  
 Why, let me slip at once from out your mind.

Should boa constrictor twine himself about you,  
 Demanding all your precious thought and time,  
 Let not a thought of me, my darling, flout you,  
 Who'll pray for you in this far distant clime.

But should you in the regions of Golconda  
 A rich and brilliant ruby chance to see,  
 Oh, don't forget than mine no heart is fonder,  
 And then I beg that you'll remember me.

## Melik the Black....Clinton Scollard....Times-Democrat

Where has the princess gone—  
 The Princess Parizade ?  
 The dazzling glow of the Orient dawn  
 Floods down through the garden glade.  
 She is not in the room where the air is sweet  
 With the scent of the attared rose,  
 And the tinkle of silver-sandalled feet  
 Like a brook o'er the marble flows;  
 She is not in the mosque nor the dim kiosk,  
 She is not in the almond-close.

Melik the black stands mute  
 By the harem's outer door.  
 Does he dream of the sound of the Sennar flute  
 And the warm Nile nights of yore ?  
 Does he muse on the happy, bondless days  
 By the desert fountains cool,  
 When he rode his barb o'er the trackless ways,  
 Ere he came to be the tool

Of the loves and hates in the palace gates  
Of the treacherous Istamboul ?

His thoughts are not afar  
In the wide, free southern land;  
He sees, as he saw 'neath the paling star,  
A tiny print in the sand.  
There hangs the slender ladder yet  
Where the daring flight was made;  
On the water-stair the ooze and wet  
Betray where the boat was stayed;  
She has fled o'er the main from her gilded chain—  
The Princess Parizade.

And shall he bide to face  
His master's merciless wrath ?  
Woe on the soul that waits for grace  
In a maddened tyrant's path!  
But list!—o'er the court's mosaic floor  
Creeps one with a panther tread.  
Behind the form at the harem door,  
With the mournful, low-drooped head,  
A dagger bright in the morning light!—  
And Melik the black lies dead!

**The Woman....Stanley Waterloo....America**

Only a little brown woman she,  
Man of the world and profligate he,  
Hard and conscienceless, cynical, yet  
Somehow, when he and the woman met,  
He saw what other there is in life  
Than passion-feeding and careless strife;  
There came resolve, and sense of shame,  
For she made as his motto but "Faith and Fame."

The world is foolish: we cover truth;  
We're barred by the gates that we built in youth;  
Two were they, surely, and two might stay,  
But she turned him into the better way;  
His thoughts were purified, even when  
He chafed and raged at the might-have-been;  
He learned that living is not a whim,  
For the soul in her entered into him.

He fights, with others, to win or fall,  
 And the spell of the Woman is over all.  
 Bravely they battle, in their degree,  
 For—"The woman I love shall be proud of me!"  
 And man and woman, the one in heart,  
 May be buried together or buried apart,  
 But the strong will battle in his degree,  
 For—"The woman I love shall be proud of me!"

**The Beautiful Plan....M. N. B....Boston Globe**

The philosopher says that there's nothing goes wrong—  
 Whatever is, is a part of "the plan";  
 Though the weak knuckle under and yield to the strong,  
 It's a part of this "beautiful plan."  
 Though a woman may trust while a man may betray,  
 Though the heathen Chinee his live humans may flay,  
 Though the Mafia murders its dozen a day,  
 It's a part of the beautiful plan!

Oh, whatever turns up, this philosopher'll say,  
 "It's a part of the beautiful plan!"  
 There ne'er yet was disaster that him could dismay—  
 'Twas but part of the beautiful plan!  
 He is troubled by nothing—by sorrow nor sin;  
 Man may stand in deep water way up to his chin;  
 The victim of pestilence, famine, or gin—  
 It's a part of the beautiful plan!

Howe'er crooked and queer and mixed up things may seem,  
 They're a part of the beautiful plan;  
 Though you get the skim-milk, while Fate ladles me cream,  
 It's a part of the beautiful plan.  
 Men may murder their mothers, their babies, their wives;  
 Day and night Vice may batten in dens and in dives;  
 Little children may languish in Poverty's gyves—  
 It's all part of the beautiful plan!

Men may starve, while the rich have enough and to spare—  
 That's a part of the beautiful plan.  
 Dives' board is piled high, while the beggar's is bare—  
 It's a part of the beautiful plan.  
 Poor humanity huddling like beasts in a sty,  
 Beauty begging for bids—"Who will buy? oh, who'll buy?"

Women drunken and deaf to their little one's cry,  
Are all part of the beautiful plan!

Oh, there's naught from a rose to the writing of rhyme  
But's a part of the beautiful plan!  
From a crank like himself to a monster of crime,  
All's a part of the beautiful plan.  
His pet phrase he must air, how'er woful the scene,  
Till it makes you so mad to see man so serene;  
You just vow such philosophy ne'er can have been  
Any part of a beautiful plan!

James Russell Lowell....In Memoriam....J. G. Whittier

From purest wells of English undefiled  
None deeper drank than he, the New World's Child  
Who, in the language of their farm-fields, spoke  
The wit and wisdom of New England folk,  
Shaming a monstrous wrong; the world-wide laugh  
Provoked thereby might well have shaken half  
The walls of slavery down ere yet the ball  
And mine of battle overthrew them all.

The Other Side of It....Life's Troubles....Boston Journal

I didn't ask to come here, and I do not want to stay;  
I don't find much place for me—as a rule I'm in the way.  
What I feel as if I could do I get no chance to try;  
I see no fun to live for, and I have no right to die.

I'm made to pant and struggle for what I'm not to win;  
I hate myself to meanness and I'm just cut out to sin;  
I'm set racing down a road for a goal it does not lead to;  
I'm held liable for lots of things I never have agreed to.

The life I never wanted I'm expected to give thanks for;  
I'm required to draw prizes that I'm given only blanks for;  
I'm here without my sanction, yet in duty bound to stay;  
I yearn to build a marble house, and I must work with clay.

Well! I didn't ask to come here, and I do not care to stay;  
And—though I face the music—I've just a word to say.  
Life's hard enough to swallow, I don't want the bitter pill;  
But it's quite too much to take it and be licked for being ill!

## WITH THE THIRD SECTION \*

It was morning. Some one touched me on the shoulder and said: "Pardon me; I have a message from Baron Friedrich."

I saw a gentleman in plain clothes standing by my bedside. I knew it had come. The hand that had been hovering over me so long had fallen. I was in the grasp of Russian justice. The man said politely: "I would not have awakened you, but my orders were imperative and immediate, Colonel Lenox. Would you be kind enough to dress yourself and come with me? I hope the business will be short enough to permit your return for breakfast."

As I stepped out of bed and made my morning toilet I knew that I would breakfast no more in that hotel. The chill was on my heart—that shivering coldness that comes to those who have before them nothing but despair.

As soon as I was ready, this gentleman requested me to follow him. Together we passed through the *salon*. There I saw two other men in plain clothes but with alert demeanor, seated quietly, apparently waiting orders.

I had expected to find Helene there before me, perhaps with manacles upon her fair wrists—perchance with a gag in her pretty mouth; but she was not visible.

However, I knew she was as surely in their hands as I was, as I heard her breathing, deep and strong, coming over the transom, and knew when she awoke it would be in the clutches of Russian justice.

I was about to speak to her when the gentleman at my side said: "Pardon me; you must come with me at once, without word to madame. These are my orders."

So I followed him down to a carriage which was waiting in the courtyard of the hotel, and together we drove up the Nevsky to the local police station—the one devoted to the more immediate affairs of Russian justice. Here, passing through guards, who opened for my companion, I stepped upstairs and was shown into a comfortable office. Two doors, besides the one I had entered, opened into the apartment.

\* From "My Official Wife." By Col. Richard Henry Savage. Home Publishing Co. Colonel Lenox, an American, travelling in Russia, meets Helene, a beautiful Nihilist, who insinuates herself upon his company, and persuades him to let her travel on his passport as his wife. Circumstances force him to accept the condition, and the attendant adventures.

Here Baron Friedrich was seated at his desk, a couple of *gendarmes* in attendance.

Dismissing these, he sprang up and said: "My dear colonel, you will pardon my troubling you before breakfast, but this was a matter of moment. We can, I hope, settle the affair in a few minutes. Permit me to offer you a cigar."

Attempting nonchalance, I accepted it, and tried to smoke, but I did not enjoy it. Noting this, he laughed slightly and remarked: "It is not quite so good as those we had on the road from Wilna, a week ago. But to come to the point at once, as I presume you are in a hurry for your breakfast. The police have apprehended a lady travelling in Russia under a passport which states that she is your wife. Now of course we know your wife is with you at the *De l'Europe*; consequently this impostor has been brought here simply that you may say she is not your wife, and then we will deal with her as one who travels under false papers."

These words, so kindly in appearance, so awful in import, agitated, horrified me. My heart got into my mouth.

My suspense did not last long.

"She will be here in a moment," said the baron, "and it will require but two words from you." He touched a bell, and to the answering attendant said: "You may bring the lady in—the one in waiting."

A moment after the door opened, and in pretty travelling dress, but agitated and indignant, a lady entered, threw off her veil, and cried: "What new outrage is this?" then shrieked: "Arthur! thank God, you're alive! I feared, from the telegram, you were dead." And my *true* wife—my blue-eyed one from Paris—had thrown herself, sobbing, into my arms, and with tears, caresses, and endearing words, and pantings of joy, had nearly broken my wicked heart at the thought that for seven days I had forgotten her for the glances of another.

On this scene the baron looked, a smile of supreme happiness and triumph shining through his blue spectacles, though he knocked the ashes of his cigar off nervously. Then he said suddenly, "Colonel Lenox, who is this woman?"

"My wife, my *true* wife!" I cried. "My God, you did not suppose that I would deny her and leave her to the tender mercies of Russian justice?"

"Russian justice!" cried Laura, my wife. "Russian jus-

tice is an outrage. I don't care"—for I had put up my hand warningly—"I *will* speak. I received your telegram saying that you were dangerously ill here, and asking me to come and nurse you. Your letter had told me of the epidemic raging here. I took the train from Paris for St. Petersburg at once, using the passport I had from the American minister, and "viséed" by the Russian ambassador to France. Immediately after crossing the frontier I was arrested and brought here under surveillance, kept here as a criminal. Now come with me and demand justice from those in authority above this man. Let us go to the American Legation at once!"

At this Baron Friedrich said: "Pardon me; I must part your husband from you, madame, though *you* will be free."

"And my husband!" she cried. "What of him?"

The baron's blue eyeglasses were impenetrable. "That *afterward*," he said significantly. "At present, madame, I offer you my humble apologies for the arrest you have been subject to and the misapprehension that has caused it, but —" He made a sign.

I gave her one last, despairing kiss; she was led back from me into the apartment from which she had come; the door closed on her. Would I ever see her again in this life?

"Now," cried Baron Friedrich, his manner losing that of friendship and becoming that of the Minister of Justice, "your explanation of this, sir. Your confession!"

All reserve was useless. I hurriedly began to tell him the story of my adventure, from the frontier on. He occasionally interrupted me, tapping upon the desk and saying: "Good! that is right. Now I know I have her! I have her! She is mine!"

While I was in the midst of this, in fact, before I had given him the details of our arrival in St. Petersburg, there was a rap on the door.

"Come in!" said Baron Friedrich.

An under-official stepped to him and said, "The Councillor Constantine Weletsky desires to see you," and, looking upon me, whispered, "It is upon his business, I think."

"Very well, admit him."

A second after, my noble Russian relative entered the apartment hastily, wildness in his eye and humiliation and sorrow in his bearing, and, before either Friedrich or I could say a word, burst out upon us:

"I know, my poor Lenox, the business that has brought you here—the awful misery that has come upon you through one of my house, though I disown him and curse him for his outrage upon the rights of hospitality!"

"Of whom are you talking?" cried Friedrich, hastily.

"Of my nephew, Sacha Weletsky, major of the *Chevalier Garde*, whose commission I shall beg the czar as a personal favor to cancel, for he has degraded Russian manhood and my family by eloping with the wife of my guest." And the old gentleman wiped away tears of rage and anguish, as both Friedrich and I gazed at each other amazed.

"My dear councillor," interrupted Baron Friedrich, "what strange tale are you telling us?"

"I am telling you the *truth*! I have discovered this morning that last evening my nephew Alexander Weletsky eloped with the wife of this gentleman, my guest, my relative."

"Impossible!" cried Baron Friedrich. "The lady who you say has eloped with your nephew, my dear Weletsky, will be here in five minutes to show you you are mistaken."

But even as he spoke the door was thrown open, and Baron Friedrich grew pale, then reeled and clutched his desk convulsively, while both Constantine and I gave a gasp of astonishment; for into our presence, bound and gagged, was brought, not the figure of the graceful Helene, but the lithe form of the French governess, Mademoiselle Eugénie de Launay, whose dark eyes were flashing fire, and whose lips, if they could have spoken, would have cried out in rage.

"Ungag that woman instantly," commanded Friedrich. Then he said hurriedly but politely, "And may I ask you to withdraw for a few minutes, Councillor Weletsky?"

I was about to follow, when Friedrich's little fat hand fell on my shoulder. "As for you, remain here," he whispered.

The moment she was released the De Launay was about to give tongue, when Friedrich stopped her and said: "Silence! Answer my questions. Where is the woman who has been travelling under the passport as this man's wife?" and pointed to me.

"She has fled."

"Fled! When? Where?"

"With Sacha Weletsky last night."

"At what hour?"

"Seven o'clock."

"Where to?"

"I do not know."

He rang his bell, and directed: "Telegraph Wiborg instantly. Ask if any ship left there last night. If so, what passengers. Telegraph particularly if Sacha Weletsky, major in the *Chevalier Garde*, has been seen there. Was there a woman in his company?—if so, under what passport she travelled. If there now, arrest them at once." Then he said: "Telegraph their descriptions to all railroad stations within one thousand versts of St. Petersburg, and order their arrest."

He turned again to the woman, and said: "Tell me the details. I had supposed you *sure*, because I knew you *hatea* the woman you were watching."

"Yes," cried I, wildly, "but *loved* the man!"

"What, loved Sacha Weletsky! Is that the clew to your conduct?" he cried. "Answer me!"

The woman fell down before him, wringing her hands and sobbing, "Have mercy!"

"Answer me—the truth! That is the only way to get mercy from Baron Friedrich. The *truth!*"

"I had your instructions. I went there to watch! My God! do you suppose that I would have permitted the man I loved to run away with the woman I hated if I could have stopped it? I was on watch at the hotel all day. I saw this gentleman and her go to Cronstadt. Then, at half-past five, I saw them return to their rooms, where the waiters had already arranged dinner for them. Twenty minutes after, Sacha entered their apartments, and I watched more eagerly. In ten minutes more he came out again, and I spoke to him, to reproach him for his perfidy to me, for I loved him.

"He said: 'Eugénie, you are jealous of a grandmamma. You foolish child; I don't love antiques.' He spoke to me in the tones I adore and could not resist; he whispered: 'Wait here for a moment; I will prove to you I am not going to run away, by spending the next three hours with you.' A moment after he said: 'You look tired. Lenox and his wife are in the next room; I will bring you a cup of coffee.' He brought it to me, with loving words, and I drank it——"

"And then?" whispered Baron Friedrich, hoarsely.

"Then he talked to me a little more, and I grew sleepy, I felt his arms leading me into the room; and this morning I was gagged as I awoke in my rival's bed, and brought here."

## BRIEF AND CRITICAL COMMENT

Black and White, the English weekly, says: "It is true that Mr. Howells' poetry is not so bad as his criticism—but then that would be frankly impossible. To no man is it given to fail so impressively in two branches of literature.".... The largest sum ever paid for a single novel is said to have been \$200,000 to Alphonse Daudet for *Sappho*, published in 1884. Eighty thousand dollars was received by Victor Hugo for *Les Misérables* (1862), published in ten languages. Lord Beaconsfield received \$60,000 each for *Endymion* and *Lothair*. George Eliot received \$40,000 for *Middlemarch*, and Charles Dickens \$37,500 for *Edwin Drood*.... Miss Menie Muriel Dowie, the author of *A Girl in the Karpathians*, assumed the dress of a boy on her travels through the regions her book describes; Miss Dowie is under twenty-one years of age, and made her journey without companions.... The Edinburgh Review says: "To the mob of gentleman who write with ease must now be added the mob of ladies. Women who in the last century would have left behind them a chest full of letters, now consume their literary energies in the production of a shelf full of novels. But there are a thousand volumes to one book, a thousand echoes to one voice. Of the crowd of novels which annually issue from the press scarcely one in a hundred carries the reader out of the beaten track.".... Eugene Benson, who has published little for some years, is about to bring out a volume of poems entitled *From the Asolan Hills*.... The Expositor is the name of a new religious monthly magazine, the first appearance of which will be about January 1st; Bradley & Woodruff, of Boston, will publish it.... W. E. Henley has prepared a selection of verse dealing with heroic action and sentiment, and covering the last three centuries.... Harper's Weekly says: "A many-sided man is Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, now writing of Hans Breitman, then studying palmistry, again translating German poetry into graceful English verse, amusing himself with wood-carving, studying folk-lore, establishing art schools, or camping with gypsies.".... The London Times is afraid that the opening up of the American market to English authors will result in a deteriorated quality of literary work. "May not the desire to please a large and uncultivated pub-

lic," it asks, "somewhat degrade the character of English literature?"....Quite a literary curiosity is Bryce's *ThUMB English Dictionary* just published in Glasgow; it measures two inches by an inch and a half, and contains 15,000 words, yet the printing is beautifully clear, much better, indeed, than in some larger dictionaries; recent scientific and technical terms receive special attention....Charles Scribner's Sons have in preparation a series of concise biographies of the men whose systems have marked successive stages in the progress of education, from Aristotle to Dr. Arnold; the series will be edited by Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia....Miss Ina D. Coolbrith, the well-known California poet, has recently been made a life-member of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association....The *Pall Mall Budget* says: "Paris is experiencing just now a curious crisis in the book trade, such as arise from time to time, for the publishing trade is no more free from over-production or 'glut' than any other branch of commerce. There are about a dozen authors who command the French market, and some four or five whose popularity seems inexhaustible. But the number of novelists is to be counted, not by dozens, but by hundreds. And still the publishers go on issuing. A few days ago the publisher of one of these popular authors had 45,000 copies of his last venture returned to him. They were the volumes that had been sent to the different railway stations; there had been scarcely any sale; they all came back, and yet this author was very popular."....The late Sir Richard Burton's *Pentamerone* is ready for the press, and will be followed by the second part of his notable work on *The Sword*, a book about gypsies, and some records of travel....Opie Read has finished a new novel entitled *Emmett Bonlore* which represents odd moments of work for five years; he has rewritten it six times and has it now ready for issue during the fall....The *London Speaker* asks: "Has Walt Whitman adapted the title of his forthcoming volume of verse *Good-by, My Fancy*, from the wild Elizabethan poem *Hallo, My Fancy*? There is, at least, no doubt as to the source of the sub-title in *Second Annex to Leaves of Grass*."....The *Architectural Record* is the name of a new quarterly; it is popular in style, holds a high standard in architectural matters, and is well illustrated. It is published by the *Record and Guide*....Mr. Gladstone is quoted as saying that he thinks thirty years is

the proper period which ought to elapse between a man's death and the appearance of his biography....Richard Burton, who has done excellent work in verse in the magazines of the day, is now literary editor of the *Hartford Courant*....The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has written *The Tragedy of the Cæsars*; the *Emperors of the Julian and Claudian Lines*, which will soon be published with many illustrations from busts, gems, and cameos....The first American edition of Ignatius Donnelly's new novel, it is said, was 25,000 copies; Mr. Donnelly's *Cæsar's Column* has run through twenty-six editions....Beatrice Whitby, who wrote *The Awakening of Mary Fenwick*, has a new book of delightful short stories, issued in dainty form by the Appletons, under the title, *On the Lake of Lucerne, and Other Stories*....Oscar Wilde is the latest author to be accused of plagiarism, the assertion being made that his poem called *Impression de Matin* was printed under the title of *One Pale Woman* in the *London World* fourteen years ago....The first volume of Whittaker's new *Library of Popular Science* will be an elementary introduction to astronomy by G. F. Chambers, whose larger works on the subject are well known....Anna Katharine Green has written a new long story, to be called *The Romance of the Sisters*....The *Saturday Review* winds up a characteristic criticism on Marie Bashkirtseff's *Letters* with this condensed estimate: "Poor little thing! To think that if she had been snubbed a good deal she might have been quite nice!"....A woman's book has just been crowned by the French Academy, and has, moreover, received the *Prix Montyon* of \$300; this is Mlle. Blaze de Bury's history of Anne Boleyn....Of the American verse writer Frank Dempster Sherman the *London Athenæum* says: "He is one of the still small but rapidly increasing number of lyrists who, seeking independence from the prevailing fashions of Victorian literature, betake themselves to a simpler though not less artificial school, and briskly set themselves for task to evolve quaintnesses and prettinesses and delicate love-lays, half jest, half earnest, arranged in stiffly graceful short-lined metres, in the manner of pre-Popean days"....*Soundings* is the name of "a literary, art, news, and society review" recently established at Seattle, Washington; the editor, proprietor, and originator of this new illustrated weekly is Will Carson, a well-known Pacific-coast artist and journalist and a

man well qualified in literary judgment and artistic sense to make a notable success of the venture....An American acquaintance found Bret Harte writing the last words of his new novel, *A First Family of Tasajara*. "Done, eh?" said the friend. "Not by a good deal," sighed Harte. "It's done from the middle chapter to the last—from loin to foot. Now I must go back and put a head on it"....The New York Tribune says of Julien Gordon's new novel, *A Puritan Pagan*, now in its fourth edition: "It is a brilliant story and shows steady advance on the author's part"....Over 465,000 copies of *Black Beauty* have been issued in a little more than a year from its first publication....The German edition of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler's forthcoming book will be dedicated to the late Gen. Von Moltke, and the French edition to President Carnot....Margaret B. Dodge is editor of the new and excellent Boston quarterly, *The Outlook*, devoted to the views of women graduates on woman's duties, work, education, and literature....C. V. Hine, a well-known Chicago journalist, has written *On the Indian River*, a delightful little volume of dreamy poetic revery and philosophy of life in Florida; the practical side of this life is well-blended with the poetic and made interesting and valuable by graphic accounts of the climate, sports, social, agricultural, and natural aspects of the country....The first sale of a French work under the new copyright law recently took place in New York; Zola's new novel, *La Debacle*, was sold to the highest bidder, and is said to have brought \$2,000....Edith Sessions Tupper, who does excellent work in the press of the country, has contracted to write a play for William J. Florence; the work has already had a first reading before the comedian....*Me and Jim*, the delightful dialect poem recently published in the daily press without credit to the author, was written by Richard L. Cary, Jr. ("Hyder Ali"), and appears in his book *Tales of the Turf*....The New York Sun says of *Russian Traits and Terrors*: "This is a collection of the incisive, pessimistic, brutal articles that for the last year have been publishing in the Fortnightly Review. With the vitriolic intensity of a Junius, the thesis is expounded and established, apparently by official documents and quotations from local newspapers, that the Russian people are to-day uncivilized and grossly ignorant, with the untruthfulness, the fatalism, the sloth, the dishonesty, and the immorality of primitive

barbarism. This moral paralysis, which all readers of Russian novels know so well, is declared to be 'as national as the language or the music ' "....An Arabic translation, made in Syria, of the poems of Emily Dickinson has run through several editions....Stanley Waterloo has signed a contract with Schulte & Co. for a story of 60,000 words, which is to be an elaboration of Mr. Waterloo's etching *Not in Armor*, written for the July number of *Short Stories*....George E. Woodberry, writing in the *Forum*, on Literature in the Market-Place, says: "As it is better that a man should vote though he vote for a scoundrel, it is better that he should read though he read bad books"....The supplementary volume of Allibone's *Dictionary of English Literature and of British and American Authors* is in the press; it will record 37,000 authors and over 90,000 books; the editor is John Foster Kirk....Andrew Lang declares that *Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn* is the "great American novel" for which critics have so long been on the lookout....The *Chicago Figaro* says: "French literary gossip, it is said, does not wear that uncomfortable air—half-flunkey, half-spy—which it is too apt to wear in England"; and, we may add, in the United States. "Nearly all the Romantics, for example, were their own and each other's *Boswells* till Gautier's flamboyant waistcoats and *Balzac's* colossal debts and *Flaubert's* quixotic furies were as familiar as the little ways of the great Doctor"....A new work by Thomas à Kempis has been discovered and is almost ready for publication; it is entitled *De Vita Cristi Meditationes*....The English edition of Richard Harding Davis' *Gallegher* is dedicated "To Francesca and Her Godmother;" *Francesca* being the little daughter of Richard Watson Gilder, and her godmother being Mrs. Cleveland....White and Black says that *Lyra Elegantiarum*, Locker-Lampson's well-known selection of "some of the best social and occasional verse by deceased English authors," is "the most well-bred book of verse in the language"....William J. Lampton, the popular humorist, is now on the editorial staff of the *Detroit Free Press*, where he is doing excellent work....Oscar Wilde declares that the only criticism worth anything is simple autobiography—that is, the record and celebration of personal impressions....The widow of the late Capt. Richard Burton, who burned the manuscript of her husband's translation, from the Arabic, of *The Scented Garden*,

though she had been offered \$30,000 for it, says that Captain Burton's Arabian Nights brought \$80,000, of which \$50,000 was profit. During the next two or three years Mrs. Burton will prepare a history of the remarkable career of this soldier, explorer, scholar, and author. . . . Edwin Arnold says of James Russell Lowell: "I knew him as a man, and in knowing him lost no jot of my admiration and affection for him as an author, which does not often happen. After Longfellow, Poe, and Walt Whitman, I should rank him the best of your American poets" . . . . Harper's Weekly says: "Eugene Field, whose delicate humor and verses of pathos have given him a reputation not bounded by the confines of this country, is about forty-five years old; in personal appearance he is long and lank, and the hair on his head and face is not abundant" . . . . When Mr. Gladstone was a boy at Eton, one of his schoolmates—an expert stenographer—made a record of the speeches the future statesman delivered at a debating society when he was only sixteen; some of these, now to be published, exhibit remarkable maturity in thought and style. . . . Amélie Rives is to dramatize her novel *Virginia of Virginia*. . . . There has just been started a periodical called the *Illustrated Scottish Borders*, which will describe the historic remains found in that famous region, with accounts of the villages and towns. . . . James Payn, in a recent number of the *Independent*, says: "'Those who in quarrels interpose' are proverbially unlucky and perhaps it is dangerous to take a side even in the little discussion between my very good friends, Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Andrew Lang, respecting Russian novels; still, I must say I agree with the latter that it is not pleasant to be reading of people who are always in the dumps. There is no 'let up,' as the Americans call it, in Russian stories. Everybody who is not so drunk as to be indifferent to whatever happens is being persecuted or starving" . . . . William M. Fullerton is to replace M. de Blowitz as head of the Paris office of the *London Times*. Mr. Fullerton is a young Harvard graduate, who in the past two years has distinguished himself on the staff of the great English journal . . . . The *Agora* is a new Kansas quarterly magazine begun recently at Salina, Kansas. . . . The *New York Tribune* says: "The most masterful bit of English that has been brought to light for many a day is Horace Greeley's estimate of Lincoln printed in a recent number of *The Century*" . . . . John

G. Whittier is so modest that his niece, who is preparing a biography of him, has found it very difficult to obtain any aid from him in her work; his strength is gradually failing, and he is forced to give up the long walks which he formerly took.... Jerome K. Jerome wrote his first book, *On the Stage and Off*, when only nineteen years old.... The Boston Commonwealth thinks that Julien Gordon, author of *A Puritan Pagan*, may without injustice be called "the Ouida of America".... It was about 1850 that Gleason's Pictorial, the first illustrated publication in the United States, was issued in Boston, and at the present writing there are not less than 5,000 publications that use illustrations in this country.... The Pall Mall Budget says, *à propos* of a review of Emily Dickinson's Poems: "Possibly if Miss Dickinson had learned grammar and had known anything of the laws of metre, and had had any thoughts to express or any faculty of expressing them, she might have become quite a decent fifth-rate versifier".... There is talk of organizing an authors' club in St. Louis for the purpose of consolidating and unifying the special literary talent of the city. It is proposed to invite Miss Mary N. Murfree and Professor Hosmer—as authors who have achieved the greatest reputation—to become the central figures, around whom are to be gathered Miss Blow, Mrs. Blaisdell, Professor Snow, Denton J. Snider, Henry King, Robert M. Yost, Miss Florence Hayward, Gus. Thomas, W. R. Hodges, H. R. Heaton, Mrs. H. D. Pittman, Rev. Dr. Boyd, Rev. John Snyder, Professor Morgan, Chancellor W. G. Eliot, Fred. M. Crunden, and others.... Ginn and Co. are about to issue a History of Modern Ethics in the form of a series of small volumes, each volume to be devoted to the presentation of an important system of modern ethics in selections from the original works.... In a late interview T. B. Aldrich says: "What kills a poet is self-conceit; that kills the greatest man. A man who regards himself more than his art is a lost man".... The Woman's Journal says of *Intimations of Eternal Life*, by Caroline C. Leighton: "This admirable little book is a powerful array of arguments for immortality upon the basis of reason, philosophy, and fact. It states fully and fairly the scientific grounds of doubt, accepts unflinchingly every suggestion to the contrary, and then in candid, reasonable ways points out the inadequacy of the reasoning whereby faith is so often overthrown".... Mrs.

Graham R. Tomson is compiling an anthology of poems concerning the "harmless necessary cat," which will be illustrated by Arthur Tomson....Mrs. Julia Ward Howe began Greek at seventy, and now at seventy-two she has just read the plays of Sophocles in the original....The advent of a new periodical is announced in California. It is to be published in San Francisco under the title of *The Californian Illustrated Magazine*, and to be edited by Charles F. Holder. The projectors state that "the prime object of the magazine is to aid in building up and populating the Pacific Coast and to serve as an authentic illustrated medium between the people who seek to develop the Pacific States and Eastern and European capitalists, tourists, health-seekers, and others who desire to benefit themselves and improve their condition and who require reliable information"....The *Chicago Evening Journal* says: "The short stories of Marie More Marsh are deservedly attracting attention, not locally alone, but generally throughout the press. The art of getting a symmetrical and piquant sketch within the limits of half a column is not a common one"....Mark Twain, before going to Europe, left for publication a new long story, to be entitled *The American Claimant*. Its chief interest is said to lie in the revival of the indomitable Colonel Sellers, who is the leading figure in the story. Sellers comes into possession of an English title left him by his English relative, and the amusing portions of the story cluster around this....J. Percival Pollard, of Chicago, is the editor of *The American Clubman*; a recent number of this clever paper gives an interesting sketch of Franklin H. Head, author of a monograph on Shakespeare's *Insomnia*, and president of the *Union League Club*, of Chicago....Of Lowell's *Yussouf*, *The London Spectator* says that it is ("little, yet how great!") his "one absolutely flawless achievement in direct and simple art"....The firm of James Clarke & Co., of London, publishers of *The Christian World*, announce that they will immediately publish the first issue of a monthly review of religious intelligence, to be called *The Review of the Churches*. Its general plan will be something like the *Review of Reviews*.

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See Book List on front advertising pages.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.